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Oxford Democrat

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POPULAR TALES.

From the New York New World.

BEATRICE:
A TALE OF PADUA.

PART SECOND--The Crucifix.

CHAPTER I——The Boudoir.

"She was a sacrifice
To that sad king-craft which, in marriage vows,
Sinking two hearts, unknowing each of each,
Perverts the ordinance of God, and makes
The holiest tie a mockery and a curse."

Southey.

"Yes, Lucia, it is all as I was telling you. Martino, the night guard, has explained to me, the whole matter. The thing happened not long ago—during our lady's visit to Venice, a captain of the state sbirri had the presumption to fall in love with the Dukes wife; and, what is worse, dared to write her to grant him an interview! Did you ever, Lucia, hear of such imprudence? The Duchess says the same man has before insulted her with his professions of regard; and she caused him to be informed, that another repetition of his offence, would compel her to inform the Podesta."

Such was the heedless gossip of a pretty Tuscan waiting-maid to her companion, as she busied herself in arranging the articles in a richly furnished boudoir for the reception of her noble mistress. The apartment was a small one, heavily hung with drapery of crimson embroidered with gold. At the extremety, on the left, could be caught the glimpse of a couch, slightly elevated from the floor of an alcove in the massive wall, overhung by a canopy of purple velvet, supported by sculptured columns. From these columnes were suspended curtains, which, when drawn, effectually concealed the alcove and the couch, and seemed but a portion of the hangings of the chamber. At the extremety of the apartment on the right, was a window, and near it a prayer-desk, above which, against the wall, hung a small crucifix of polished copper. Through the open window streamed in full floods the soft moonlight, revealing the tall trees of a grove without, and the towers and roofs of Padua, beyond. A third side of the boudoir was partially occupied by a door seeming to open into a larger apartment beyond, while opposite, was another door, very small, but distinguished by rich carving from the former, and bearing above it a cross. A table draped with crimson occupied the center of the chamber, upon which lay a guitar, numerous manuscript volumes, and an illuminated missal secured by golden clasps. A richly wrought lamp of bronze suspended from the cealing over the table and several luxuriously cushioned *fauteuills* in different parts of the boudoir, complete a picture, which, in order that the reader may understand much that is to follow, it may be well for him to clearly conceive.—Return we now to the waiting-maids.

"A strange story yours, Teresa," replied the second girl, who was engaged placing in order the articles upon the table. "But the occurrence of yesterday is yet more strange—indeed it is too terrible to think of."

"You refer to Francesco, poor fellow?" rejoined the first. "Ah, yes,—he informed the Duke that he had encountered a spy in one of the dark galleries of the palace, who escaped before he could secure him; and that very night Francesco died! Poison! Lucia, you comprehend. But, do you know it is whispered, that this new spy and the imprudent sbirri of Venice are the same? Martino tells me so in confidence—you will not mention it? My council is prudence. It behooves one to have a care what one says in this palace; for, Martino tells me, there is always some one concealed in the wall who hears every word."

"Well—well, Teresa, let us busy ourselves; the Duchess will be here presently, and we can talk all this over after we go to bed. But, *'prudence!'* that tongue of yours is a rare thing to council prudence withal, and a right rare fellow must be this Martino of yours, to trust a secret to its discretion!"

"Discretion, indeed!" replied the gossipping Tuscan, with a slight petulence of tone and manner. "If you are in such haste, Lucia, you can bustle as much as you please, and go to bed when you please! I will follow when *I* please," and the irritated girl applied herself too busily to her employment to observe that her companion had taken her at her word, and had passed out of the apartment by the smaller of the two doors to which we have referred. "But Lucia," continued the waiting-maid, too fond of gossip to remain ill-natured long—"this is a strange palace, and I counsil silence. Martino says there is not a chamber in the whole of it where any one may speak one's mind, except this. Here, thanks to the Virgin, one can say all one pleases, and be sure of not being heard."

As the last words were pronounced, the hangings near the alcove moved aside, and Schedoni, the musician, suddenly stepped through a secret door in the wall, which immediately closed after him without noise, the hangings resuming their former position. Advancing to the middle of the chamber unperceived, he repeated distinctly the words—

"Sure of not being heard!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed the terrified Teresa, turning her head in the direction whence came the voice.

"Silence!" returned Schedoni quietly but peremptorily, seizing her arm with his right hand, while with his left he pointed to the characters C. D. X., embroidered upon the hem of his pourpoint of black velvet.—The affrighted waiting-woman gazed upon these mystic symbols with awe and dismay.

"When any one has seen a minister of the Ten," continued Schedoni in a deep voice, "and by sign or syllable betrays what he has seen, before the day closes he dies. Now, give answer to my questions and deceive me at your peril. Your life depends on your fidelity. Whither leads that door?"

"To the chamber of the Duke," faltered the girl.

"And that?" continued Schedoni, pointing to the smaller door opposite, surmounted by the cross.

"To the private oratory of the Duchess."

"Has that oratory any egress but this?" demanded Schedoni.

"None," replied the girl. "It is a turret, and has but one window grated, and ——"

"What have we here?" interrupted the spy, advancing to the open casement and looking out. "Fifty feet of perpendicular wall with the Brenta at the base. Excellent! but, girl, there is a small staircase in that oratory—whither does it ascend?"

"Into my chamber, which is also that of Lucia, my companion, who ——"

"Has that chamber any egress?" again interrupted Schedoni.

"None. It has but one window which is grated, and but one door, which leads to the oratory."

The spy now looked around the apartment, as if to impress upon his mind the information he had received; then advancing to the side of the alcove opposite that by which he had entered, he drew aside the hangings and disclosed a small door in the wall. "This door—whether leads it?" demanded Schedoni.

"Into a secret staircase, communicating with the corridors of the palace. The Duke alone has the key to it."

The spy dropped the hangings and after a pause, as if for thought—again approached the waiting-maid.

"Where is your mistress?" he demanded.

"In the oratory, at her devotions."

"Will she soon be here?"

"Yes, Signor."

"In half an hour?" continued the spy.

"Yes, Signor."

"Well, you can go now," said Shedoni. "But, remember! Silence! Nothing which you have seen or heard this night must again be thought of. Let things happen as they may, be you silent. You have not seen me, you have not heard me, you are ignorant of my existence. Do you understand? One syllable—I hear it. The glance of an eye—I see it. A gesture—a sign—the pressure of a hand; I know all. Now go."

"Holy Virgin!" ejaculated the terrified girl, "who is to perish now?"

"You, if you betray," sternly replied the spy. "Go!"—And the terrified waiting-maid hastily withdrew through the door of the oratory.

When Schedoni was alone, he approached the masked entrance by which he had appeared, and throwing it wide open, exclaimed, "Signor Castelli! you can come."

A step was hear on a concealed staircase, and Castelli, enveloped in a mantle, walked into the chamber.

"Where am I?" asked the student, gazing curiously around him.

"Perhaps on the scaffold!" coldly replied Schedoni. "Have you never heard, young man, of a chamber in Padua—a fearful chamber, though full of flowers and perfumes, and of love, perchance—over whose threshold no man, whosoever he be, noble or ignoble, young or old, may plant his foot? For to enter there—to open the door even—is *death!* Have you heard of that chamber?"

"I have," rejoined the student, calmly; "I have heard of that chamber—it is the chamber of the wife of the Podesta."

"You are right," responded the spy, "and you are now in that chamber!"

"Is it possible?" said the young man, "and she I love?"

'Is Bianca Bragadini, wife of Duke Angelo Malipico, Podesta of Padua! You now know *all*, and if you fear to proceed in this affair, you can yet retreat. The door is open—you can depart as you came.'

'The wife of the Podesta?' said Castelli; 'is *she* my long and fondly loved Bianca? For myself I fear nothing; but for her—Oh, I fear—I fear everything! But *you*—now that you are in the light, and your mask is removed, it seems to me I have seen you before.—Of whom do you remind me?'

'Of him who reminds you of me I will tell you, if you choose,' said Schedoni. 'Eight days ago, at a late hour of the night, you were passing through the Piazza San Prodecimo, when you were alarmed by the clash of weapons and cries of distress behind the church.—You immediately hastened to the spot, and ——'

'Put to flight three bravos, who were about murdering a man in a mask,' interrupted the student.

'Who, immediately replacing his mask, disappeared,' continued the spy, 'without giving you his name, or returning acknowledgement for his defence. That mask was myself; and since that night, Signor Castelli, I have watched you well. You know not me, but I know you, and ever since have been striving to manifest to you my thankfulness by obtaining you an interview with the woman you love. This is *gratitude*, nothing more. You will trust me now?'

'Surely, I will trust you,' exclaimed the student, with joy. 'I feared some design against the peace of Bianca; but your words have reasured me; they have removed a mountain from my heart. I am your friend, whoever you may be; your friend forever. You have repaid my own poor service a thousand fold.'

'Then you will remain here?' said Schedoni.

'Remain?' returned the young man; 'to be sure I will remain; for I would see Bianca, were it but for a moment. Where is she?'

'In the oratory,' rejoined the spy, pointing to the door.

'And where shall I see her, and when?' eagerly asked the student.

'On this spot, in less than one fourth of an hour,' was the confident reply. 'But I must leave you. The door on your left leads to the chamber of the Duke, where he is at this moment sleeping. Throughout the palace every thing is still; and every one within its walls will soon be at rest, save yourself and the young Duchess. As for your escape, that you can easily manage in the morning. I cannot now describe to you the passage by which we entered; it is a secret one, known to but few besides myself. Now I leave you to your lady-love.'

'In the fourth of an hour; and will she come alone?'

'Perhaps not;' was the reply. 'Conceal yourself behind the hangings; or, hold! step out on that window balcony, whence you can see all that passes here, and determine the proper moment to discover yourself. But methinks I hear footsteps in the oratory; the Duchess will be with you anon; we must separate.'

'Whoever you are,' said Castelli advancing to the balcony, 'the service of this night renders me your friend. Henceforth command all that I have—*my life*—my fortune.'

'The lady is, doubtless, quite as grateful as yourself, Signor,' said Schedoni in a low tone with a bitter meaning; then observing that the student no longer regarded his movements, he drew from his bosom a folded parchment, which he placed conspicuously upon the table in the center of the apartment, and departed through the concealed passage by which he had entered.

In a few moments the door of the oratory opened and a lady of surpassing loveliness, simply attired in white, entered the boudoir, leaning upon the arm of Lucia, the waiting-maid. Her form was slight, but erect and well-proportioned, and her features, which were exquisitely moulded, were of alabaster paleness, contrasted strikingly by a dark hazel eye and hair falling in ringlets upon her shoulders. The expression of her countenance was that of protracted and uncomplaining suffering.

'A week! Lucia—one whole week! and I have not once seen him!' said the lady sadly, as she sank into a seat. 'Oh, is this confinement never to be over?—But it is late, and I will sleep, if I can; perhaps he may be with me in my dreams. Where is Teresa?'

'She has gone to her chamber,' replied her maid. 'Shall I call her?'

'No, Lucia, no. leave her to her rest.'

'Shall I close the window?' asked the girl, approaching the balcony on which stood the student.

'Seven days, seven weary days, and I have not seen him! The window, Lucia? no, you need not close it: the night air from the Brenta is refreshing. My poor forehead how it burns! And so I have seen him for the last time! I shall never leave this chamber, and for him to enter it were death! Enter this chamber? I shudder at the thought! Why do I shudder? Is this passion indeed, so criminal? Ah! why—why did we ever meet? Why has he come to Padua? Why was I permitted to recover happiness only to feel more bitterly its loss? I was permitted to see him one hour, from time to time, and that little hour, so gladly expected—so impatiently awaited—so cautiously concealed—so jealously guarded, was the sole crevice in my prison ate through which come the sunlight. That crevice is now closed up, and the light of life is shut out for ever! And I think of this in my loneliness—night and day brood over it until, at times, my brain turns and reason—ah, it totters. Lucia, I am not as other women. You have been with me for years and know me well. Fetes, festivals, public assemblies, amusements of any kind, never had a charm for me. Had it been otherwise, this fatal passion might possibly have been suppressed. But, for seven years, Lucia, there has been in my brain but one thought—in my heart but one feeling—on my lips but one name—in my dreams but one image—in my devotions, even, there has been but one prayer. For seven years I have loved—desperately, hopelessly, madly, and that love is at this moment deeper—wilder—more desperate, than ever before. Oh, they forced me to wed another! They told me all was discovered—they threatened *his* life, unless I complied: my own I would have yielded—oh, how willing! And to whom was I sacrificed? To one who now exults in telling me that *'He never loved me.'* But no more. I must not speak of this.'

'Nay, my poor lady,' interrupted the maid, in tones of compassion. 'Be not so sorrowful—banish these gloomy memories—strive to forget the past ——'

'Forget the *past*, Lucia! The past is all I have. There is to me no future—no present. I live—I revel in the past. I was happy once—one week ago, I was happy, wretched as is now my situation. Was it *crime* for me to be happy then? But go, my good girl; it is wrong for me to trouble you with my complainings—go to your chamber and retire with Teresa. I shall require neither of you to night.'

'Heaven keep thee, my lady!' fervently exclaimed the waiting-woman; and, with a look of affectionate commiseration she left the apartment.

CHAPTER II—The Meeting.

And what unto them is the world beside,
With all its change of time and tide?
Its living things—its earth and sky—
Are nothing to their mind and eye. Parisina.

Oh! for a tongue to curse the slave—
May life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim.
Fire Worshippers.

The unhappy Bianca was now alone in her chamber; and, for some moments, she seemed indulging in her own sorrowful meditations. At length she arose, and taking from the table the guitar, she hurriedly touched its strings, as if striving to catch the notes of an air half-forgotten, yet still lingering in her memory.

'That song,' she murmured, 'could I but recall that song he used to sing! The words are familiar, but the air I have forgotten. If I could hear him sing, I might almost be reconciled to his absence.'

At that instant, as if compliant to her wish, a rich voice commenced a soft and plaintive air in a low tone, without. Amazed the Duchess paused and listened; the guitar dropped from her hands and she sank back in her seat. Another moment, and the student, springing lightly into the apartment, had cast aside his mantle and was at her feet.

'*You*, Castelli! Oh, is it, *indeed*, you!' exclaimed Bianca. 'How came you? Do you know where you are—oh, do you know? Your life is forfeit!'

'It is,' calmly replied the student. 'Yet, why should I care? I should die did I not see you, and having seen you, it can be no worse.'

'You have done right, Castelli,' said the lady; 'Yes, you have done right to come, though my tears are those of mingled joy and apprehension. My life, too, is forfeit; but you are with me once more, and why think of the future? One hour with thee, Cola, and then let the worst await me.'

'Heaven will protect us, Bianca—do not despair,' rejoined the student. 'Every one in the palace sleeps but ourselves—I can escape without discovery—I am sure of the man who has conducted me—I once defended his life.'

'Is it indeed, thus?' joyfully cried Bianca.—'Then let us think and speak only of each other. You find me changed, Castelli, much changed—do you not? To attempt to tell you all I have suffered since we parted would be vain. During the past week, I have hardly closed my eyes.—Night and day I have done little else than weep; and, at times, my women tell me, I have been disturbed in my reason. And *you*, Cola—how have you endured our separation? You have been sad, no doubt—but tell me all?'

'Bianca,' replied the student, 'I have nothing to tell you. Life has been a blank to me, since we parted. I have felt as if immured in a dungeon, into which could struggle down not one glimmering of the sun. Day after day, the blood seemed ebbing from my heart, until its beating seemed about to cease. Do you ask me what I have been doing? I do not know—and hardly what I have thought, or felt."

'So it has been with myself,' said the Duchess. 'Ah, Castelli, I am sure our *hearts* have not been separated. And, now, I would tell you all that has happened; but where shall I begin. I have been confined to the palace—some one has betrayed us—they have not permitted me to go abroad, and oh, I have suffered! But come, Castelli, sit down beside me. You can remain until dawn, and then Lucia, my maid, will guide you from the palace. But tell me, can you come again?'

'Yes, dearest, yes; I feel that I can brave anything to be with you; and, if I live be sure we shall meet again. How quiet the night is, Bianca. All Padau is sleeping. Everything around us is peaceful and all within us is happy. Oh, it is a blessed night! Does it not seem as if the Deity were smiling? And, yet they say that love like ours is sinful, Bianca. Nay, do not tremble, dearest.'

'Did I tremble, Cola? Surely it was not with fear,' replied the lady. 'If my love for thee is sinful, Cola, then God be merciful! for by my hopes of heaven, that love is the holiest feeling of my heart! But it were vain now to speak of this. Let us think no more of it—let us forget every thing past or to come—everything but the present moment and each other. Oh, Cola—dear Cola, I am happy to look on thy face once more. One cannot die of gladness, or I should perish now. When I am with thee, I fear nothing. When we are separated, I am but a timid, imprisoned woman—thou a banished wanderer; together, we brave destiny—we are blest! But I am wild with joy—my brain is heated—I have asked of you a score of questions and waited answers to none. Is not all a dream, Castelli?—Is it not a dream?'

'Ay, Bianca, a dream—a glorious dream!—Would that it knew no waking! Would—'

'Hush, Cola,' interrupted the fond woman. 'Speak no more now. Let me gather my scattered thoughts—let me gaze on that pale brow and cheek, and realize that it is indeed, myself. I will talk to thee anon.'

And Bianca seated herself near the table and laying back the close jetty locks from the forehead of the student, who bent upon one knee before her, she gazed fondly upon his features. The dark eye of Castelli burned, and returned so ardently the gaze of the lady, that she turned away. By this movement, her eye caught a glympse of the folded parchment placed upon the table by Schedoni.

'What is this?' she asked, seizing the parchment. 'A note! and addressed to *me?* How came it here? Whence did it come? Did you place it here, Castelli?'

'No, Bianca,' replied the student. 'It must have been the man who conducted me.'

'A man with you here, Cola! Who was he? But first the letter.'

Hastily unfolding the parchment, the lady read aloud with tremulous tones these sentences:

'There are who were never gladdened with the wine of Cypress, and yet have rejoiced in the intoxication of revenge. Beautiful Signora, the sbire who *loves* is contemptible—is the sbire who *avenges* equally contemptible?'

'What does this mean?' exclaimed Castelli.

'All is plain,' replied Bianca, suddenly becoming pale. 'This writing I recognise as that of one who has dared to love me—who has insulted me before with such communications, and who, one day, coming to my father's palace at Venice, was driven away with blows. The man is called Schedoni, and is now a spy of the Council of Ten. Castelli, we are lost! You are a sacrifice to his hate to me! This snare is securely laid and we are taken!'

'Can this be possible!' said the student, hastily rising from his knee, and, accompanied by Bianca, jumping to the window.

'Fly!' she exclaimed, "delay not an instant! Extinguish the lamp and escape for your life!—Hear you not a noise, Cola? Hist! some one opens a door—footsteps—they advance! Fly, Castelli, as you came—fly, or you are lost!'

'The secret door through which I came, the villain has secured. Fool—fool—that I am, Bianca—I have ruined you!'

'No, Castelli, you have acted rightly, I should have done the same,' replied the terrified woman. 'But what is to be done—oh, God! what?'

'That door?' cried the student.

'Leads to the Duke's chamber.'

'The window?'

'A precipice!'

'This door?' continued Castelli.

'Enter my oratory whence there is no egress, yet enter—enter!' cried Bianca, throwing open the door. '*Any* delay will avail us.'

The student entered the oratory, and the lady carefully securing the lock, placed the key in her bosom. Then throwing aside a portion of her dress she cast herself upon the couch, and burying her head in the pillows, lay, as if she had been slumbering for hours.

Meanwhile, the advance of footsteps became more and more instinct. At interyals, the sound would cease, again a hasty stealthy tread was heard—it stopped—a key turned softly in a lock—the hangings were disturbed—and the concealed door, by which the student had entered, opened.

CHAPTER III—The Rivals.

Why sleeps *she* not, when others are at rest? Byron.

Had I been born with her indulgent stare,
My fortune had been her's, and her's been mine.
Dryden.

The secret door to the boudoir opened, and Beatrice Vivaldi, the Improvisatrice of Padau, with a lamp in her hand stood upon the threshold. Looking slowly around her, she advanced softly into the centre of the chamber, and placing the lamp which she held upon the table, proceeded carefully to examine the wick of that which had just been extinguished.

"I am right," she thought. "The lamp is yet hot and the fume of the smoke is fresh."

Turning, she perceived the Duchess extended upon the couch, the drapery of which was drawn aside.

"Ha! she pretends to sleep—does she?" muttered the actress. "But *alone?* How is this? Let me see."

Taking up her lamp, Beatrice now commenced a careful survey of the whole apartment, especially of the walls, the doors, the window, and at last stopped before the entrance of the oratory.

"This is the retreat," she said. "He is here," and placing her hand upon the lock, she was exerting all her strength to force it, when Bianca suddenly roused herself as from a deep slumber, and gazing on the intruder with a well assumed amazement, exclaimed, "Who is there?"

"Who?" rejoined the actress. "Only the favorite of the Podesta, of whom you may have chanced to hear, who has in her power the Podesta's wife! only a poor *commedienne*, a girl of the stage, a ballad singer as you choose to style the Improvisatrice: but, she has in her hands a noble Venetian lady—a married lady—a virtuous, respectable, right honorable lady, and she may dispose of this most amiable lady at her will!—What retribution may fall upon the other noble ladies of Padau for their frailties, she knows little and cares less: but sure is she that one of them is beneath her feet and will be kept there. Lady, lady, is it possible you can remain so tranquil? It were better for you to meet the lightning's glare than the glance of my eye! Have you the audacity to turn your face to mine, while you know there is a lover in your chamber?"

"It is false!" cried Bianca, her voice firm but her countenance colorless. Then in a more quiet tone and manner, she added—"You deceive yourself, my good girl—you mistake.—There is no one in this apartment but you and myself."

"Hold madam!" cried the Improvisatrice, her dark eyes flashing the fury of her feelings.—"Deny nothing—it is useless. I tell you calmly and deliberately, a lover has been this night in this chamber. I *know* this: it is no vain surmise. The lamp had just been extinguished when I entered—the cushions of those two *fauteuils* so close to each other, are disturbed—no wonder at that. Ah, how many a tender thing have these walls listened to to-night! 'I love thee—I adore thee—my life—my soul—I am thine forever!' and how many a fond embrace have they beheld! Away deceiver!"

"I do not comprehend you, woman!" commenced the agitated Bianca.

"Woman!" echoed the actress. "By heavens, madam, will you inform me how much more noble you are than I am? What the ballad-girl speaks alone to the lover at mid-day, the noble Venetian wife whispers to him secretly at midnight. One steals a husband the other a lover. A fair struggle. Well, let us struggle on, and joy to the victor! I am the Duke of Padau's mistress—so says the *wise* world—you are his wife—see which triumphs."

"Woman!" exclaimed the Duchess, "why are in you in my chamber at this strange hour? How came you here? What do you mean?—What do you seek?"

"A lover, beautiful Signora—I *seek* only your lover; and I *mean* to find him, even at this *strange* hour."

"Can you not see," replied Bianca, calmly, "that I am *alone* in my chamber—truly—entirely—utterly alone? Who you are or whence you come I do not know. What you demand of me I do not understand; but oh! your words as far as I *do* understand them freeze the blood in my veins. What I have said or done to excite your hostility, I am ignorant; nor can I believe there is any thing in this chamber to interest you."

"And I *know* there *is* something in this chamber to *interest* me," rejoined the actress firmly. "You really doubt it, Signora—do you? Ha! ha! ha! These virtuous women are incredible creatures, upon my soul! And do you suppose I would have addressed you as I have done had I no interest at stake? You are ignorant of the cause of my hostility? Well, Signora, there are several causes. Why is it that you are a noble lady and I a poor ballad singer? Why is it that you can fascinate where I cannot please? In some respects we are surely equal if not in birth. You are beautiful—so am I; you are wealthy and admired—I am equally so; and I have as much genius in my head and as much haughtiness in my heart—ay! and as much interest at stake in this chamber as you have! Now, Signora, for the lover. Where have you concealed him? What do you call him? Nay, I *must* see him and will."

"There is surely some mistake in this matter," commenced the Duchess. "If you know—"

"All I *know*, or care to know," interrupted the actress, "is this: that a lover has been in this chamber to-night—and there is but one door through which he could escape from it, and that this is that door."

"That door," said Bianca, approaching the actress in alarm, "that door opens into my oratory. Is it probable that any one should be there? It is private, and shut up from every eye. You are deceived—"

"Deceived? oh, no, I am not deceived, nor am I like to be deceived so long as your looks and words contradict each other as plainly as they now do. Why, you are absolutely quivering all over with excitement! Come, my pretty Signora, do not exert yourself to deny so stoutly; and arrange that loose white robe a little, for it is too much disturbed now even to meet a lover; and I am about to produce one anon. Nay, lady bestir yourself and gather up these silken tresses—disheveled, no doubt, by the world of soft sighs that have been floating among them to-night. Come put on your clothes and then, if you can, put yourself into a passion, and prove yourself the most injured, innocent, and most ignorant lady in all Padua. You are beautiful, Signora, no doubt of that, and you do infinite credit to your lover's taste, though hardly so much to your own discretion.

"No wonder he loves you: but what right have you to love him—at least to let him *know* it?"

As the Improvisatrice was uttering these words of bitter irony, her eye glanced along the floor, and happened to catch Castelli's mantle which lay near the balcony.

"Ha! is not here a mantle?" she exclaimed hastily seizing the velvet and examining it by the light. "A *man's* mantle! oh, could I but know to whom it belongs. But, alas! all mantles are alike. Madam, beware—beware! The owner of this mantle—his name—reveal it: for as there is a God above, I *will* have it. Do you hesitate? Then this door."

"But you cannot open it," said Bianca, with confidence. "Indeed—indeed, it leads to my private oratory, and is locked."

"Locked?" rejoined the actress. "Ay, you are right; and perhaps your loved lord keeps the key at night. There lies his room—I will call him, if you please;" and the excited girl was hastening to put her threat into execution, when Bianca casting herself at her feet exclaimed: "Oh, you must not—must not—go there! Indeed, I have never injured *you*—why should you ruin *me!* Stay, only an instant, and all shall be explained to you. Your words have been so frightful that they have bewildered me, and I can recollect nothing you have said. You have told I was a noble lady and you a ballad-singer, and oh, you have told me many strange and terrible things: but you have said nothing of this sbire—he is called Schedoni—this infamous spy, who I am sure has deceived you and caused all this trouble. He is a villian and insulted me at Venice, and has imposed on you—nay, an instant—I will show his letter Oh, you are too beautiful to be bad! I am sure you will spare me.—Do not approach that door—do not wake my husband! He will kill *him*—he will kill us both! Oh, if you only knew my situation—if I coul l

POETRY.

[From the Coos County Democrat.]

The Bankrupt's Glee.

Calculated for the Anniversary of the passage of the Bankrupt Law.

Let the bankrupt rejoice, for the sheriff no more,
Shall follow his coach as it rolls from the door:—
His mansion,—no more shall he hastily lock it,
And skulk through the streets with the key in his pocket,
Put lightly his heart 'neath his ruffles shall beat,
While his fancy oft liquors shall soothe his retreat.

Those cities on paper, he sold long ago,
Have brought him a cool fifty thousand or so,
And he's kept them in store, as a leg'n in his day,
To wipe off what few scores may come in his way;
To buy him his wine and his plate to restore,
To the revels that circle his table once more.

'Tis true, some poor neighbor may ask for his pay,
But the law is against him and what can he say?
The' his children are houseless and hungry for bread,
If he calls once too much,—let him look to his head,
For Congress declares that such loafers no more,
Shall trouble us gently by calls at the door.

And surely such beggars, called creditors, should
Consider such wise Laws designed for their good,
For with them our wastelands, we'll honestly share,
And every thing else we can possibly spare—
But SURE,—when we come to that sung heap of pelf,
For "present subsistence" we'll keep to ourself.

Let the laborer grumble and writhe in his toil,
'Tis the joy of our Congress, its hopes to despoil;
And say—'neath our debts should our energies rust
To save such a x-penny worms from the dust?
Ah, no! For 'tis only such gentry as we,
That Congress protects in this land of the free.

THE CILLEY DUEL.

Saturday's Advertiser refers to this melancholy subject in a long article which undertakes to exculpate Mr. Clay from any guilty connexion with the duel, while it does not hesitate, however, to intimate that Mr. Cilley was urged to his death by some of his political friends, who afterwards "made a riotous political feast of his blood."

In relation to Mr. Clay, the Advertiser rests his vindication upon the evidence of Mr. Graves, whom it seems to regard as the very best witness the case can have, and from whose recent letter on the subject it makes a copious extract. Now, it so happens, as good a witness as Mr. Graves is, that his very testimony which the Advertiser publishes for the exculpation of Mr. Clay, has been proved materially incorrect by the united testimony of Mr. Wise and *Mr. Clay himself!* As soon as Mr. Graves' statement appeared, Mr. Wise called public attention to its errors, and since then he has had them corrected by the parties themselves whom they most concern.—And yet the Advertiser publishes Mr. Graves' account for true, just as coolly as if no correction of it had ever been made! Having recently devoted considerable space to the statements of Messrs. Wise, Graves, &c., we shall not quote at length from them now, but simply state a few points which they clearly prove, and which show what Mr. Clay's connexion with the duel really was. These points are—

That Mr. Clay was consulted on the subject by Mr. Graves, before Mr. Graves addressed his first letter to Mr. Cilley.

That he was Mr. Graves' authoritative adviser on the subject as the correspondence progressed, and himself determined the precise ground upon which the quarrel should proceed.

That while Messrs. Wise and Graves desired it to turn upon a misapprehension between the parties as to the language used by Mr. Cilley to Mr. Graves, in reference to the refusal of Mr. C. to receive Col. Webb's note, *he* made it to turn upon a point of honor, which could only be accommodated in the impossible contingency that Mr. Cilley would admit Webb to be a gentleman.

That Mr. Clay wrote himself the form of challenge for Mr. Graves, which was actually used in the fatal transaction.

That Mr. Clay was called upon the afternoon before the duel, Messrs. Charles King and Reverdy Johnson, who invoked him to aid in arresting the duel, and declined to interfere for such purpose, because having been the confidential adviser of Mr. Graves, in the affair, he could not with honor interrupt its progress.

These are some of the facts in the case, as indispensably proved by several witnesses, and admitted to be true by Mr. Clay himself. How far they exculpate Mr. Clay, different men will doubtless entertain different opinions, and the great tribunal of public opinion must decide between them.

As to the intimation that Mr. Cilley was urged to the fight by some of his political friends, we have only to say that there is not a particle of evidence to sustain the charge, and to mark the fact that it is hinted at, *without proof*, by a paper which would exculpate Mr. Clay, in the face of all the evidence which we have before alluded to. Mr. Cilley made every exertion to avoid a fight. He declined to receive Webb's challenge—was called to account for that—carefully declared his respect for Mr. Graves—refrained even from giving any opinion about Webb—was at length challenged in spite of his efforts to avoid such an issue—was challenged so that he could not escape the fight but by admitting what he did not believe—was finally dragged to the field, shot at again and again, until at last he was no longer a living mark for the murderer's rifle. To talk of his having been urged to the field, then, either by his political friends, or his own "personal resolution," even, is as violently outrageous as it is to call the manifestations of sorrow and indignation with which his friends received the news of his melancholy death, "a riotous political feast upon his blood."—*Argus.*

The following from the Boston correspondence of Hill's New Hampshire Patriot, will be found interesting to many of our readers:—"Among the new inventions and contrivances of which I have lately heard, is something which I believe bids fair to become universally useful to the city and country and the world, and that is a new method of making *good, light, sweet bread.* All the world knows, that one of the most difficult and perplexing matters to house-keepers, is to have good *emptings or yeast* for bread. Now, the invention is this:—Take an acid like cream of tartar, I mean simply an acid in the form of a powder, and rub a sufficient quantity of this dry and powdered acid into a proper quantity of dry flour. Then wet the flour and put your alkali, pearlash, or other fixed alkali. The valuable part of the discovery is this, the acid and the alkali will not effervese until the loaf is baked, when the acid is *rubbed into the flour in a dry state.* The experiment is worth trying. I assure you that a most delicious bread is produced light, sweet and good, in this manner, from any good flour or meal you use, wheat, rye, or Indian. Cream of tartar may be used and saleratus for the purpose of trying it. Nothing can be more healthful than this bread. Try it by rubbing into your flour, in a perfectly dry state, some cream of tartar, and then mixing up the batter with whatever liquid you please, milk, buttermilk, or water, and adding a little saleratus."

GREAT MAIL. The mail brought by the steam ship Unicorn, was the largest ever arrived in the United States. The number of letters was about 40,000, and there were 40 bags of newspapers. The postage on the letters for New York amounted to about $3300; Philadelphia, $650; Baltimore, $200; Albany, (city and distribution) $300. The Boston Transcript says the clerks in the post office worked like horses. Twenty one hands were employed the whole of last night in sorting, counting, &c., the letters and other packages, and by indefatiguable exertions every thing was sent, in due season.

SALT RHEUM.

THE subscriber having, as he has reason to believe, discovered a certain cure for the Salt Rheum; and which may also be considered as a remedy for various other humors or cutaneous diseases, would inform the public that he has applied for and received the United States Letters Patent, from the proper authority at the city of Washington, for said remedy, which he denominates a Compound for the cure of the Salt Rheum and other Diseases of the Skin.

He is aware that some may doubt whether there is any cure for the disease. He has often doubted it himself. Many things however, once deemed impossible are now accomplished.

Salt Rheum, he knows, by sad experience, is a disorder not easily conquered. He was himself dreadfully afflicted with it more than *twenty years*, and at times, for months together, was unable to labor, and sometimes even to walk, or dress himself. He applied to many physicians,—and tried various things prescribed by them and others, but found little relief.

In the spring of 1833, being very sick with the disease, he had well nigh given up all hope of recovery. At that time, he received from a friend a list of articles, chiefly indigenous to our own fields and forests, and submitted to be used for the complaint, which article he immediately caused to be procured.—With these drugs, and others, which he had found in some degree beneficial, he formed a compound, and applied it to his diseased and distressed frame. In three weeks, (he can say with truth and pleasure, and he ought to do it with much gratitude,) he was comparatively well; and shortly after was restored to perfect health, so far as regards Salt Rheum; and continues so to this day, a period of seven years.

Thousands of persons afflicted by this grievous malady, have made use of this remedy, and as far as he can learn, it has rarely failed to give satisfaction. In many cases its good effects have been truly wonderful.

He will not state, as too many do, that his Compound is a cure for all diseases; but he has reason to believe that it is not only a cure for the Salt Rheum, but good for all humors, such as Ring Worm, Scald Head, Shingles, Leprosy, Itch, and especially good for the barber's or Jackson itch, &c. &c. It has also been used for the Piles with the best effect.

No person can fear any evil from it, however old, or young, or feeble, for it is simple and may be applied with safety.

The following certificates and recommendations show how effectual this remedy is, when properly applied, viz:—

Mr. N. A. Sprague, Agent for Nashua, in a letter dated April 24th, 1840, to the proprietor, says:—Many cures have been performed on this Island by using your *Compound*. In fact, in no instance where I have sold it, has it failed to give great satisfaction. I wish you to send me another box containing as the last, viz. 100 packages.

This newly discovered and valuable medicine, Truant's *Patent Compound*, has already been proved by hundreds in this vicinity, to be a sure cure for *Salt Rheum*. It has effected cures after REGULAR PHYSICIANS had declared that the patients were incurable.

From the Portland Christian Mirror.

SALT RHEUM—TRUFANT'S COMPOUND.

We copy the following paragraph from the Lincoln Telegraph published in Bath, the residence of Mr. Trufant. The character of the man, the circumstances in which he made his discovery, as well as the many effectual tests to which his remedy has been subjected, are an ample guard to the public against imposition. The use of it by a member of our family has done much to secure our confidence in its efficacy. We hope Mr. Trufant will not suffer his care in the preparation to abate a single iota, in consequence of the growing demand for his compound. Let it and degree rate.

Remedy for Salt Rheum.—We call attention to the advertisement of this valuable medicine in another column. It has been supposed that no infallible remedy for this loathesome disease could be found. But from the numerous testimonials from individuals in almost every part of the country, which we have seen, and from the personal testimony of many of our friends and acquaintances, who have received permanent benefit from his medicine, we are constrained to believe that Mr. TRUFANT has succeeded in discovering a compound which, if applied in a faithful manner, will effectually cure even the most obstinate cases. It is but a short time since Mr. TRUANT has consented to spread this medicine before the public, but nearly many thousands have been induced to try it, and so far as can be ascertained, with the most flattering success, as the numerous certificates of parties, and letters from agents, now in his possession, will abundantly show. Not only is this remedy becoming exceedingly popular in this country, but by mere accident a bottle or package was carried by one of our shipmasters to an acquaintance in Havre, France. The properties of the medicine having been amply and wonderfully proved in an astonishing cure, the effect has been that orders for large quantities have been directed to the proprietor, to be forwarded to France and its vicinity. All who are troubled with the Salt Rheum, will do well to give it a faithful trial.

The undersigned, inhabitants of Bath, certify that we have used the ointment prepared by William B. Trufant, as a remedy for the *Salt Rheum*, and have found it to be the best we have ever known, and having no doubt that it is a valuable discovery, take the liberty to recommend it to all who are afflicted with that inveterate malady.

Daniel Marston, Jr.	Nath'l Swasy,
Thomas Donnel,	William Gardiner,
Edward Robinson,	Jesse Russell,
A. L. Simpson,	A. W. Turner,
James Hamblen,	Amos Donnel,
Henry C. Donnell,	Martin Anderson,
Silas P. L. Wells,	Edward Higgins,
Luke Lambard,	H. B. Wells, Jr.

Prepared and sold by the subscriber at his store in Water street, Bath, Maine. *Also*, by

WM. E. GOODNOW, Norway,

Agent for the County of Oxford. The following persons are also appointed Agents, viz—*Andover*, Lewis Crocker; Bethel Hill, R. A. Chapman & Co.; Dixfield, C. T. Chase;—Greenwood, J. & W. Stevens; Hartford, W. Hall; Woodstock, J. L. Bryant; Ionsford, Otis C. Lovejoy; Sumner, ——; Somerford, J. Dam; Goodnow; *Albany*, ——, Lovejoy.

Price—One Dollar, with full directions.

All letters from abroad must be Post paid.

WM. B. TRUFANT.

March 1, 1842. eop1y43

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator on the estate of

JAMES BARKER,

late of Greenwood, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

March 1, 1842. *SAMUEL BARKER.* *46

WILLIAM B. BENNETT,

Attorney at Law,

BUCKFIELD, Me.

HAVING been supplied with all necessary papers is now ready to assist those who purpose to avail themselves of the provisions of the Bankrupt Law. Any business under said Act entrusted to him will be faithfully attended to.

March 3, 1842. 44

THE LION OF THE DAY.

THE OLD DUTCH OR GERMAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

TO the Citizens of the United States and the Canadas is respectfully submitted this Directory to the means for regaining that which has been partially, and in some instances, totally lost.

What blessing should be prized above that of health, and who knows better how to prize the blessing, than those who have been deprived of it? It is an old adage, (and one that contains a wise injunction,) "in time of peace, prepare for war." We should in time of Health prepare for the attacks of that stealthy lurking foe, Disease. It would be wisdom to observe his movements, to scan well the form in which he approaches, and then to meet him with those means which are calculated to effect his overthrow. Those means are now before this enlightened and intelligent community. They are accessible to the poor as well as the rich, and I trust that those who regard the Constitution of man as one of the finest specimens of Divine workmanship, and the Laws by which that System is governed and directed, as originating in no other than in the councils of Heaven, will so far obey the injunctions of the latter as to provide the best safeguard for the former.

It is with the most flattering recommendations, subscribed by most eminent Medical gentlemen, not only in this Country but also in Europe; that I offer this valuable Medicine to this American People.

Time and fair opportunity for a fair and impartial trial have placed the Lion of the Day beyond the brand of Imposition, Humbug, Quackery, &c.

This Pill is composed of extracts from nine parts of the vegetable kingdom, (being entirely free from any drug of a deleterious nature) and adapted *particularly* to the cleansing of the Stomach, Blood, and the various excretions of the Human System, Bilious Fevers, and Colic, Fever and Ague, Jaundice, Scarlet Rash, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Costiveness, Asthma, and Liver Complaint have been cured, by using these Pills according to the directions accompanying each box.

It is not intended that this Medicine is a cure for all Diseases to which the human system is liable.

Many efforts have been made to compound a Medicine which would cure all Diseases, but have *failed*. Those Diseases enumerated above, are within the power of these Pills and a sure cure or relief is warranted.

Price 37 1-2 cents.

Paris Hill, H. HUBBARD; South Paris, Otis H. Paine; North Paris, Houghton & Bisbee; Norway, E. C. Shackley, Wm. E. Goodnow; Oxford, Joseph Chaffin, Seth C. Lane, Leonard Brown; Livermore, Job Haskell; East Livermore, Thomas Haskell, Jr.; Livermore Falls, Kimball & Walker; Canton, Joseph Holland, John Hearsey; Dixfield, Charles L. Curtis; East Rumford, Alvin Bolster; Rumford Center, D. K. Knapp, Joshua Goldsmith; Rumford Point, Otis C. Bolster; Bethel, Elias M. Carter, Washington Bray; Rumford Falls, Charles S. Winslow. eply16

THE MOST HIGHLY APPROVED MEDICINE NOW IN GENERAL USE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LUNGS.

THE Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is believed to be deservedly the most popular Medicine ever known in America, for Coughs, Cold, Asthma or Phthisic, Consumption, and Whooping Cough, and Pulmonary affections of every kind.

The Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam has been very extensively used for about fifteen years; and its reputation has been constantly increasing. So universally popular has this article become that it may now be considered as a standard article in a large part of the United States and British Provinces. Many families keep it constantly by them, considering it the most safe as well as certain remedy for the above complaints. The Proprietors have received, and are receiving numerous recommendations from many of our best Physicians, who make use of it in the practice. The names of a few individuals who have given their testimony in favor of this article are here subjoined, and for a more full account see the envelope to the bottle.

Dort. Amory Hunting,	Dort. Samuel Morrill,
" Truman Abel,	" Timothy Bayles,
" Jere. Ellsworth,	" Albert Guild.

CERTIFICATES.

From Dr. Thomas Brown,

Messrs. Lowe & Reed, Gent.—The Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, has been extensively used, in the section of the country where I reside, for several years past, and has justly acquired a high reputation in consumptive complaints. So far as my knowledge extends, it has never disappointed the reasonable expectation of those who have it.

THOMAS BROWN, M. D.

Concord, N. H., May 11, 1831.

Messrs. Reed, Wing & Cutler, Gentlemen,—I feel it a duty I owe the public, and especially to hundreds of my fellow beings who are now suffering under different diseases of the lungs, to give you a statement of the good effects I have experienced from the use of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Having from my youth up been troubled with different complaints of the lungs, such as spitting of blood, a dry troublesome cough, frequently hoarseness, with severe fits of coughing, and indeed all the symptoms of consumption, and from time to time I have consulted several eminent physicians, and have taken much medicine, but I received little or no relief, and at last they told me there was no help for me; that my case was beyond their medicine. In the spring of 1827 I was advised by a friend to try the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. I obtained two bottles, and on trial I was surprised to find so sudden and effectual relief which it gave me, and after using it about five weeks all my complaints were entirely removed, and I was restored to good health. Since that time I have kept it constantly by me, in case of appearance of any of the above complaints.

I have known a large number of cases where all other medicines have failed of affording any relief, the Balsam was at length resorted to, and speedily effected a cure. I would therefore recommend to every person that has any of the above complaints, on their first appearance to take the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, which they will find a safe, convenient and positive cure. Respect'y yours, T. P. MERRIAM.

New Bedford, Mass., July 30, 1841.

☞ *Counterfeits.*—Beware of Imposition. Each genuine Bottle is enclosed in a *blue* wrapper, on which is a *yellow* label, signed by WM. JOS'N. CUTLER. None other can be genuine of a later date than *December* 1839. The signature of SAMPSON REED will be continued for a short time.

The great celebrity of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam has been the cause of attempts to introduce spurious articles, which by partially assuming the name of the genuine, are calculated to mislead and deceive the public. Among these mixtures are "*Carter's Compound Pulmonary Balsam*," "*American Pulmonary Balsam*," "*Vegetable Pulmonary Balsamic Syrup*," "*Pulmonary Balsam*," *and others.* Purchasers should enquire for the true article by its whole name—THE VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM, and see that it has the marks and signatures of the genuine. Each bottle and seal is stamped "Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

For sale by REED, WING & CUTLER, (late Lowe & Reed) wholesale dealers in drugs, medicines, paints and dye stuffs, No. 54 Chatham Street, Boston, and by Druggists and country merchants generally in New England, and in the principal places throughout the United States and British Provinces. Price 50 cents.

THOMAS CROCKER, Agent. eply19

DR. SEARS' UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN, Or: Blood-Root Pills.

THESE truly Vegetable Pills are eminently useful in all cases where a Physic is required. They operate more effectually upon the LIVER and BILIARY DUCTS, than any ever before offered to the public. They consequently set the Bile, which is the natural Physic of the system at liberty, thus removing costiveness, curing Dyspepsia, liver complaint, indigestion, Dropsy, and all other diseases which depend on an impure state of the BLOOD. In point of economy as well as efficacy, these Pills are without a rival as the price for a box of thirty pills is only twenty-five cents. They are warranted to be composed of the very best materials. For certificates of cures and further particulars see bill of directions, which accompanies each Box.

☞ All persons who sell the genuine article will be furnished with a Certificate of Agency signed by the proprietor in his own hand writing.

All orders and communications may be directed to BLASDEL & THURSTON, East Thomaston, the present proprietors.

AGENTS *for the BLOOD-ROOT PILLS in Oxford County:*

HIRAM HUBBARD, and THOMAS CROCKER, Paris Hill; O. H. Paine, South Paris; L. Washburn, North Paris; W. E. Goodnow, Norway; L. S. Bumpus, and S. Myrick, Hebron; O. Taylor, Oxford; J. H. Wardwell, Rumford Corner; C. C. Bolster Rumford Point; Graham, Rumford; J. G. Kimball, Bethel Hill; J. & W. Stephens, Greenwood; C. Howe, Sumner; Wm. Walker, Peru; A. Cole & Co., Buckfield; P. Clark, Mitchell & Bradford, Turner; J. M. Dodson, Canton; J. Coolidge, A. Hobbs, and L. Waterman, Livermore; C. H. Crafts, Minot. 1y10

Mortgagee's Notice.

WHEREAS, SAMUEL H. HOUGHTON on the the 7th day of September A. D. 1839, by his deed of Mortgage of that date, conveyed to me one undivided half of a tract of land situated in Woodstock, in the county of Oxford, and known by the description of Gore A, containing two hundred and ten acres, being in the west part of said Woodstock, together with the Mills and privileges thereon: which said Mortgage was given to me to secure the payment of a certain Note therein described, and for description of which, and the premises, reference to be had to the record thereof in the said Oxford Registry, Book 49, Page 515,—the condition of said mortgage having been broken I claim to foreclose the same. GILBERT TUELL.

Sumner, March 21, 1842. 3w46

Administrator's Sale.

WILL be sold at public Auction, by virtue of a License from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, on Tuesday, the nineteenth day of April next, at the now dwelling house of Geo. G Bragg, in Andover, in said County, at ten of the clock A. M., all the right, title, and interest which the late

INGALLS BRAGG,

deceased, has in and to the following described real Estate in said Andover, viz:—The homestead Farm, upland Lot No. three, first Range; Intervale Lot No. six adjoining lot known as the Bridgham Lot, on the road leading from Andover to Letter B; Lot No. nine, second Range; Lot No. four, second Range, and 7 1-2 common and undivided shares of land. Also, Pew numbered twenty-nine in the South Meeting House in said Andover. Terms made known at the time and place of sale. GEO. G. BRAGG, Adm'r.

Andover, March 9, 1842. 45

Furniture Establishment.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Norway and the adjacent towns that he has located himself at NORWAY VILLAGE, where he is prepared to manufacture all kinds of furniture, such as

SOFAS, SECRETARIES, MAHOGANY CHAIRS, BUREAUS, TABLES OF ALL KINDS, BEDSTEADS, &c.

Having learned his trade in one of the best Shops in Portland he feels assured he shall be able to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

Norway-Village, Feb. 9, 1842. 3m41

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE subscribers hereby give notice that they have this day gone into partnership in trade, under the firm of

BRIGGS & BESSE,

and will keep constantly on hand, at the Store formerly occupied by J. R. Briggs, a general assortment of *ENGLISH, and WEST INDIA GOODS, and GROCERIES,*

together with a good assortment of HARD WARE, which they will sell as low as any of their neighbors.

JOHN R. BRIGGS.
CALEB BESSE, Jr.

Woodstock, March 13, 1842. *45

Notice.

AT a legal meeting of the Proprietors of CANTON POINT BRIDGE, holden on the fifth day of February, A. D. 1842, the said proprietors voted their second assessment of Twenty-two Dollars on each share, and voted that the same be paid to the subscriber, Treasurer of said Corporation, or his successor in Office, on the tenth instant.

The said Proprietors are hereby notified and requested to pay the same accordingly.

CORNELIUS HOLLAND, Treasurer of said Corporation.

Canton, Feb. 5, 1843. 4w45

Notice.

THE firm of JESSE HOWE & SON having this day been dissolved, by mutual consent, the business will, hereafter, be carried on at the Old Stand by HENRY HOWE. All Goods, Stock in trade, Notes, Accounts, Demands and claims, of whatsoever nature, belonging to said firm have been assigned to him, to be by him collected for his use and benefit.

JESSE HOWE.
HENRY HOWE.

Paris March 9th, 1842 45

Notice.

To all whom it may concern.

THIS may certify that I have this day given my son Benjamin Stevens, his time, and he his at liberty to act and trade for himself; that I will not claim any of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting.

JOHN STEVENS.

Attest;
DANIEL P. BENNETT.
EMMY BENNETT.

Bethel, February 8th, 1842. *45

Emancipation.

THIS may certify that I have given to my son Benjamin Franklin Howe, a minor, his time, to trade and act for himself; and I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

JESSE HOWE.

Attest,—HENRY HOWE.

Feb 3, 1842 45

Early Spring Information.

TO any person or persons wishing for a pleasant situation for a House Lot and Garden near the Factory and Paper Mill, at South Paris, either Professional, Merchant, or Mechanic, can be accommodated, from one to five hundred, by applying to THOMAS CROCKER, ESQ Paris Hill, or

WILLIAM STOWELL.

South Paris, March, 14th, 1842. 45

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, SS:—Taken on Execution and will be sold at public Vendue at the Store of Andrew J. Symonds, in Oxford, on Saturday, the thirtieth day of April next, at ten of the clock A. M. all the right, title and interest which JOSHUA TAYLOR and GEORGE W. TAYLOR have to redeem about forty-two acres of land and buildings thereon situated in Oxford, aforesaid, by reason of John Welch's Deed to him dated May 8th, 1837, and mortgaged back by them to said Welch. About one hundred and fifty dollars is still due on the notes secured by said Mortgage.

JOHN F. POTTER, Dept. Sh'ff.

March 17, 1842. *3 46

Freedom.

THIS may certify that I this day give to my son JOSEPH F. MERRILL, the remainder of his time, to act and trade for himself. I shall claim none of his earnings and pay no debts he may contract from this date.

JOSHUA MERRILL.

Witness:—JOHN LEE.

Oxford, March 18th, 1842. 3 46

Commissioners' Notice.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of Solomon H. Milliken, late of Denmark, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the first day of March, 1842, are allowed said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to the service assigned us, at the office of Levi P. Sawyer, in Denmark, on the last Saturdays of July and August next from one to five o'clock P. M. on each of said days.

DOMINICUS G. TARBOX, } Com'rs.
SAM'L GIBSON, }

Dated at Denmark, March 18th, 1842. 3 46

TIMOTHY LUDDEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

TURNER-VILLAGE, Me.

A NATURAL REMEDY,

Suited to our constitutions, and competent to the cure of every curable disease, will be found in

Wright's Indian Vegetable PILLS,

Of the North American College of Health.

These extraordinary Pills are composed of Plants which grow spontaneously on our own soil; and are therefore, better adapted to our constitutions than medicines concocted from foreign drugs however well they may be compounded; and as the *INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS* are founded upon the principle that the human body is in truth

Subject to but one DISEASE,

viz: corrupt humors, and that said medicine cures this disease on

NATURAL PRINCIPLES,

by cleansing and purifying the body; it will be manifest that if the constitution be not entirely exhausted—a perseverance in their use, according to direction, is absolutely certain to drive disease of every name from the body.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

will be found one of the best, if not the very best medicine in the world for carrying out this

GRAND PURIFYING PRINCIPLE,

because they expel from the body all morbid and corrupt humors (the cause of disease) in an easy and *NATURAL MANNER;* and while they every day

GIVE EASE AND PLEASURE,

disease of every name is rapidly driven from the body.

The above named INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, have been three years before the American public; and we can now say without fear of contradiction, that of all the various medicines which have heretofore been popular, not one has given such universal satisfaction or obtained such a permanent hold upon the affections of the people. Not only do all who use it invariably experience relief, and recommend it in the strongest terms, but it has effected some of the most astonishing cures ever performed by medicine.

Hitherto, very few of the numerous testimonials which have been received in favor of this extraordinary medicine have been published, as the medicine obtained its present great celebrity more by its own intrinsic goodness, than from extensive advertising. It has been deemed proper, however, to offer the following opinions of the public press, merely to show that the fame of the Indian Vegetable Pills is not confined to any one section, but is rapidly extending itself to every part of the Union.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are attaining great celebrity in New England as well as other parts of the United States. The attempt of persons to defraud the public by the sale of spurious articles, meets with general reprobation. Mr. Wright is an indefatigable business man, and shows an array of cures by the medicine, which warrant confidence in the virtues of his Indian Vegetable Pills.

From the Boston Daily Times.

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Of all the public advertised medicines of the day, we know of none that we can more safely recommend for the "ills that flesh is heir to," than the Pills that are sold at the depot of the North American College of Health, No. 198 Tremont Street, Boston. Several instances we know of, where they are used in families with the highest satisfaction; and no longer ago than yesterday, we heard an eminent physician of this city, recommend them in high terms. There used to be in the community a great repugnance to the use of QUACK Medicines, as they are indiscriminately termed, but it was mainly owing to the regular M. D's constantly denouncing them. They are, however, becoming more liberal in this respect, and the consequence is that good vegetable medicines are now more extensively used than formerly.

CAUTION.

This is to inform the public, that all genuine medicine has on the side of the boxes,

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

(INDIAN PURGATIVE,)

Of the North American College of Health.

And also round the border of the label, will be found in small type, "*Entered according to the act of Congress, in the year 1840, by* WM. WRIGHT, *in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of Pennsylvania*"

The public will also remember that all who sell the genuine Indian Vegetable Pills, are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by

WILLIAM WRIGHT, VICE PRESIDENT *Of the North American College of Health*

and that Pedlars are never in any case allowed to sell the genuine Medicine. All travelling agents will be provided with Certificates of Agency as above described; and those who cannot show one will be known as base impostors.

Beware of one A. L. NORCROSS, who is selling a Counterfeit Pill.

N. B. Buy of none except the following regularly appointed

AGENTS.

THOMAS CROCKER, Paris; O. H. Paine, South Paris; Ephraim Atwood, Buckfield; Winslow Hall, Hartford; John M. Deshon, Canton; Wm E Goodnow, Norway; Chas Durrell, Oxford; Wm F Welch, Welchville; Wm Cousins, Poland; Joseph Freeman, Minot Corner; James F Davis, Danville; John B Jones, Lewiston Falls; Mitchell & Bradford, Turner Village; John Blake & Son, Turner.

Sept. 1841. eopsioreply 18

THEODORA MERRILL

HAS just returned from Boston, and offers a beautiful assortment of

MOUSLIN DE LAINES, ARLYNES, SAXONY CLOTHS, CALICOES,

From eleven to thirty cts. per yard.

Silk & Cotton Velvet,

SHAWLS, GLOVES, TRIMMINGS for Gentlemen's Clothes.

Dress & Bonnet Silk,

CLOAK CLOTHS.

A splendid assortment of RIBBONS, LACES, and a variety of smaller articles at low prices.

Miss M. will keep Bonnets on hand and make to order.

Oxford, Nov. 1841. tf 27

WILLIAM K. KIMBALL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CANTON VILLAGE, Me.

Dr. T. H. Brown,

SURGEON DENTIST,

PARIS HILL.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,

Deputy Sheriff,

PARIS HILL, OXFORD COUNTY.

☞ All business by Mail, or otherwise, promptly attended to.

Feb. 14. 1842. 41

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

George W. Millett,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty cents in advance

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms; the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.—A reasonable deduction will be made for *cash in advance*, and no credit will be given for a longer period than *three months.*

COMMUNICATIONS and LETTERS on business must be *Post-Paid* to insure attention.

Book and Job Printing

Executed with neatness and despatch.

AL REMEDY,
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use, will be found in
ian Vegetable
LS,
an College of Health.
are composed of Plants which
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Saturday Evening Post.
EGETABLE PILLS.
Pills are attaining great celebri-
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and the public by the sale of
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confidence in the virtues of his
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TABLE PILLS.
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at low prices,
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KIMBALL,
AT LAW,
ILLAGE, Me.
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ENTIST,
PARIS HILL.
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MOCRAT,
TUESDAY BY
Millett,
ROPRIETOR.
Fifty cents in advance
on reasonable terms;
countable for any error
or the advertisement.—
be made for cash in ad-
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Printing
s and despatch.

Oxford Democrat

No. 48, Vol. 1, New Series. | Paris, Maine, Tuesday, April 5, 1842. | Old Series. No. 7, Vol. 9.

POPULAR TALES.

From the New York New World.

BEATRICE:
A TALE OF PADUA.

PART SECOND--The Crucifix.

CHAPTER I——The Boudoir.

"She was a sacrifice
To that sad king-craft which, in marriage vows,
Sinking two hearts, unknowing each of each,
Perverts the ordinance of God, and makes
The holiest tie a mockery and a curse."

Southey.

"Yes, Lucia, it is all as I was telling you. Martine, the night guard, has explained to me, the whole matter. The thing happened not long ago—during our lady's visit to Venice, a captain of the state sbirri had the presumption to fall in love with the Dukes wife; and, what is worse, dared to write her to grant him an interview! Did you ever, Lucia, hear of such imprudence? The Duchess says the same man has before insulted her with his professions of regard; and she caused him to be informed, that another repetition of his offence, would compel her to inform the Podesta."

Such was the heedless gossip of a pretty Tuscan waiting-maid to her companion, as she busied herself in arranging the articles in a richly furnished boudoir for the reception of her noble mistress. The apartment was a small one, heavily hung with drapery of crimson embroidered with gold. At the extremety, on the left, could be caught the glimpse of a couch, slightly elevated from the floor of an alcove in the massive wall, overhung by a canopy of purple velvet, supported by sculptured columns. From these columnes were suspended curtains, which, when drawn, effectually concealed the alcove and the couch, and seemed but a portion of the hangings of the chamber. At the extremety of the apartment on the right, was a window, and near it a prayer-desk, above which, against the wall, hung a small crucifix of polished copper. Through the open window streamed in full floods the soft moonlight, revealing the tall trees of a grove without, and the towers and roofs of Padua, beyond. A third side of the boudoir was partially occupied by a door seeming to open into a larger apartment beyond, while opposite, was another door, very small, but distinguished by rich carving from the former, and bearing above it a cross. A table draped with crimson occupied the center of the chamber, upon which lay a guitar, numerous manuscript volumes, and an illuminated missal, secured by golden clasps. A richly wrought lamp of bronze suspended from the cealing over the table and several luxuriously cushioned *fauteuills* in different parts of the boudoir, complete a picture, which, in order that the reader may understand much that is to follow, it may be well for him to clearly conceive.—Return we now to the waiting-maids.

"A strange story yours, Teresa," replied the second girl, who was engaged placing in order the articles upon the table. "But the occurrence of yesterday is yet more strange—indeed it is too terrible to think of."

"You refer to Francesco, poor fellow?" rejoined the first. "Ah, yes,—he informed the Duke that he had encountered a spy in one of the dark galleries of the palace, who escaped before he could secure him; and that very night Francesco died! Poison! Lucia, you comprehend. But, do you know it is whispered, that this new spy and the imprudent sbirri of Venice are the same? Martino tells me so in confidence—you will not mention it? My council is prudence. It behooves one to have a care what one says in this palace; for, Martino tells me, there is always some one concealed in the wall who hears every word."

"Well—well, Teresa, let us busy ourselves; the Duchess will be here presently, and we can talk all this over after we go to bed. But, *'prudence!'* that tongue of yours is a rare thing to council prudence withal, and a right rare fellow must be this Martino of yours, to trust a secret to its discretion!"

"Discretion, indeed!" replied the gossipping Tuscan, with a slight petulence of tone and manner. "If you are in such haste, Lucia, you can bustle as much as you please, and go to bed when you please! I will follow when *I* please," and the irritated girl applied herself too busily to her employment to observe that her companion had taken her at her word, and had passed out of the apartment by the smaller of the two doors to which we have referred. "But Lucia," continued the waiting-maid, too fond of gossip to remain ill-natured long—"this is a strange palace, and I council silence. Martino says there is not a chamber in the whole of it where any one may speak one's mind, except this. Here, thanks to the Virgin, one can say all one pleases, and be sure of not being heard."

As the last words were pronounced, the hangings near the alcove moved aside, and Schedoni, the musician, suddenly stepped through a secret door in the wall, which immediately closed after him without noise, the hangings resuming their former position. Advancing to the middle of the chamber unperceived, he repeated distinctly the words—

"Sure of not being heard!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed the terrified Teresa, turning her head in the direction whence came the voice.

"Silence!" returned Schedoni quietly but peremptorily, seizing her arm with his right hand, while with his left he pointed to the characters C. D. X., embroidered upon the hem of his pourpoint of black velvet.—The affrighted waiting-woman gazed upon these mystic symbols with awe and dismay.

"When any one has seen a minister of the Ten," continued Schedoni in a deep voice, "and by sign or syllable betrays what he has seen, before the day closes he dies. Now, give answer to my questions and deceive me at your peril. Your life depends on your fidelity. Whither leads that door?"

"To the chamber of the Duke," faltered the girl.

"And that?" continued Schedoni, pointing to the smaller door opposite, surmounted by the cross.

"To the private oratory of the Duchess."

"Has that oratory any egress but this?" demanded Schedoni.

"None," replied the girl. "It is a turret, and has but one window grated, and ——"

"What have we here?" interrupted the spy, advancing to the open casement and looking out. "Fifty feet of perpendicular wall with the Brenta at the base. Excellent! but, girl, there is a small staircase in that oratory—whither does it ascend?"

"Into my chamber, which is also that of Lucia, my companion, who ——"

"Has that chamber any egress?" again interrupted Schedoni.

"None. It has but one window which is grated, and but one door, which leads to the oratory."

The spy now looked around the apartment, as if to impress upon his mind the information he had received; then advancing to the side of the alcove opposite that by which he had entered, he drew aside the hangings and disclosed a small door in the wall. "This door—whether leads it?" demanded Schedoni.

"Into a secret staircase, communicating with the corridors of the palace. The Duke alone has the key to it."

The spy dropped the hangings and after a pause, as if for thought—again approached the waiting-maid.

"Where is your mistress?" he demanded.

"In the oratory, at her devotions."

"Will she soon be here?"

"Yes, Signor."

"In half an hour?" continued the spy.

"Yes, Signor."

"Well, you can go now," said Shedoni. "But, remember! Silence! Nothing which you have seen or heard this night must again be thought of. Let things happen as they may, be you silent. You have not seen me, you have not heard me, you are ignorant of my existence. Do you understand? One syllable—I hear it. The glance of an eye—I see it. A gesture—a sign—the pressure of a hand; I know all. Now go."

"Holy Virgin!" ejaculated the terrified girl, "who is to perish now?"

"You, if you betray," sternly replied the spy. "Go!"—And the terrified waiting-maid hastily withdrew through the door of the oratory.

When Schedoni was alone, he approached the masked entrance by which he had appeared, and throwing it wide open, exclaimed, "Signor Castelli! you can come."

A step was hear on a concealed staircase, and Castelli, enveloped in a mantle, walked into the chamber.

"Where am I?" asked the student, gazing curiously around him.

"Perhaps on the scaffold!" coldly replied Schedoni. "Have you never heard, young man, of a chamber in Padua—a fearful chamber, though full of flowers and perfumes, and of love, perchance—over whose threshold no man, whosoever he be, noble or ignoble, young or old, may plant his foot? For to enter there—to open the door even—is *death!* Have you heard of that chamber?"

"I have," rejoined the student, calmly; "I have heard of that chamber—it is the chamber of the wife of the Podesta."

"You are right," responded the spy, "and you are now in that chamber!"

"Is it possible?" said the young man, "and she I love?"

'Is Bianca Bragadini, wife of Duke Angelo Malipico, Podesta of Padua! You now know *all*, and if you fear to proceed in this affair, you can yet retreat. The door is open—you can depart as you came.'

'The wife of the Podesta?' said Castelli; 'is *she* my long and fondly loved Bianca? For myself I fear nothing; but for her—Oh, I fear—I fear everything! But *you*—now that you are in the light, and your mask is removed, it seems to me I have seen you before.—Of whom do you remind me?'

'Of him who reminds you of me I will tell you, if you choose,' said Schedoni. 'Eight days ago, at a late hour of the night, you were passing through the Piazza San Prodecimo, when you were alarmed by the clash of weapons and cries of distress behind the church.—You immediately hastened to the spot, and ——'

'Put to flight three bravos, who were about murdering a man in a mask,' interrupted the student.

'Who, immediately replacing his mask, disappeared,' continued the spy, 'without giving you his name, or returning acknowledgement for his defence. That mask was myself; and since that night, Signor Castelli, I have watched you well. You know not me, but I know you, and ever since have been striving to manifest to you my thankfulness by obtaining you an interview with the woman you love. This is *gratitude*, nothing more. You will trust me now?'

'Surely, I will trust you,' exclaimed the student, with joy. 'I feared some design against the peace of Bianca; but your words have reassured me; they have removed a mountain from my heart. I am your friend, whoever you may be; your friend forever. You have repaid my own poor service a thousand fold.'

'Then you will remain here?' said Schedoni.

'Remain?' returned the young man; 'to be sure I will remain; for I would see Bianca, were it but for a moment. Where is she?'

'In the oratory,' rejoined the spy, pointing to the door.

'And where shall I see her, and when?' eagerly asked the student.

'On this spot, in less than one fourth of an hour,' was the confident reply. 'But I must leave you.' The door on your left leads to the chamber of the Duke, where he is at this moment sleeping. Throughout the palace every thing is still; and every one within its walls will soon be at rest, save yourself and the young Duchess. As for your escape, that you can easily manage in the morning. I cannot now describe to you the passage by which we entered; it is a secret one, known to but few besides myself. Now I leave you to your lady-love.'

'In the fourth of an hour; and will she come alone?'

'Perhaps not;' was the reply. 'Conceal yourself behind the hangings; or, hold! step out on that window balcony, whence you can see all that passes here, and determine the proper moment to discover yourself. But methinks I hear footsteps in the oratory; the Duchess will be with you anon; we must separate.'

'Whoever you are,' said Castelli advancing to the balcony, 'the service of this night renders me your friend. Henceforth command all that I have—my life—my fortune.'

'The lady is, doubtless, quite as grateful as yourself, Signor,' said Schedoni in a low tone with a bitter meaning; then observing that the student no longer regarded his movements, he drew from his bosom a folded parchment, which he placed conspicuously upon the table in the center of the apartment, and departed through the concealed passage by which he had entered.

In a few moments the door of the oratory opened and a lady of surpassing loveliness, simply attired in white, entered the boudoir, leaning upon the arm of Lucia, the waiting-maid. Her form was slight, but erect and well-proportioned, and her features, which were exquisitely moulded, were of alabaster paleness, contrasted strikingly by a dark hazel eye and hair falling in ringlets upon her shoulders. The expression of her countenance was that of protracted and uncomplaining suffering.

'A week! Lucia—one whole week! and I have not once seen him!' said the lady sadly, as she sank into a seat. 'Oh, is this confinement never to be over?—But it is late, and I will sleep, if I can; perhaps he may be with me in my dreams. Where is Teresa?'

'She has gone to her chamber,' replied her maid. 'Shall I call her?'

'No, Lucia, no, leave her to her rest.'

'Shall I close the window?' asked the girl, approaching the balcony on which stood the student.

'Seven days, seven weary days, and I have not seen him! The window, Lucia? no, you need not close it: the night air from the Brenta is refreshing. My poor forehead how it burns! And so I have seen him for the last time! I shall never leave this chamber, and for him to enter it were death! Enter this chamber? I shudder at the thought! Why do I shudder? Is this passion indeed, so criminal? Ah! why—why did we ever meet? Why has he come to Padua? Why was I permitted to recover happiness only to feel more bitterly its loss? I was permitted to see him one hour, from time to time, and that little hour, so gladly expected—so impatiently awaited—so cautiously concealed—so jealously guarded, was the sole crevice in my prison ate through which come the sunlight. That crevice is now closed up, and the light of life is shut out for ever! And I think of this in my loneliness—night and day broad over it until, at times, my brain turns and reason—ah, it totters. Lucia, I am not as other women. You have been with me for years and know me well. Fetes, festivals, public assemblies, amusements of any kind, never had a charm for me. Had it been otherwise, this fatal passion might possibly have been surpressed. But, for seven years, Lucia, there has been in my brain but one thought—in my heart but one feeling—on my lips but one name—in my dreams but one image—in my devotions, even, there has been but one prayer. For seven years I have loved—desperately, hopelessly, madly, and that love is at this moment deeper—wilder—more desperate, than ever before. Oh, they forced me to wed another! They told me all was discovered—they threatened *his* life, unless I complied: my own I would have yielded—oh, how willing! And to whom was I sacrificed? To one who now exults in telling me that *'He never loved me.'* But no more. I must not speak of this.'

'Nay, my poor lady,' interrupted the maid, in tones of compassion. 'Be not so sorrowful—banish these gloomy memories—strive to forget the past ——'

'Forget the *past*, Lucia! The past is all I have. There is to me no future—no present. I live—I revel in the past. I was happy once—one week ago, I was happy, wretched as is now my situation. Was it *crime* for me to be happy then? But go, my good girl; it is wrong for me to trouble you with my complainings—go to your chamber and retire with Teresa. I shall require neither of you to night.'

'Heaven keep thee, my lady!' fervently exclaimed the waiting-woman; and, with a look of affectionate commiseration she left the apartment.

CHAPTER II—The Meeting.

And what unto them is the world beside,
With all its change of time and tide?
Its living things—its earth and sky—
Are nothing to their mind and eye. Parisina.

Oh! for a tongue to curse the slave—
May life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim.
Fire Worshippers.

The unhappy Bianca was now alone in her chamber; and, for some moments, she seemed indulging in her own sorrowful meditations. At length she arose, and taking from the table the guitar, she hurriedly touched its strings, as if striving to catch the notes of an air half-forgotten, yet still lingering in her memory.

'That song,' she murmured, 'could I but recall that song he used to sing! The words are familiar, but the air I have forgotten. If I could hear him sing, I might almost be reconciled to his absence.'

At that instant, as if compliant to her wish, a rich voice commenced a soft and plaintive air in a low tone, without. Amazed the Duchess paused and listened; the guitar dropped from her hands and she sank back in her seat. Another moment, and the student, springing lightly into the apartment, had cast aside his mantle and was at her feet.

'*You*, Castelli! Oh, is it, *indeed*, you!' exclaimed Bianca. 'How came you? Do you know where you are—oh, do you know? Your life is forfeit!'

'It is,' calmly replied the student. 'Yet, why should I care? I should die did I not see you, and having seen you, it can be no worse.'

'You have done right, Castelli,' said the lady; 'Yes, you have done right to come, though my tears are those of mingled joy and apprehension. My life, too, is forfeit; but you are with me once more, and why think of the future? One hour with thee, Cola, and then let the worst await me.'

'Heaven will protect us, Bianca—do not despair,' rejoined the student. 'Every one in the palace sleeps but ourselves—I can escape without discovery—I am sure of the man who has conducted me—I once defended his life.'

'Is it indeed, thus?' joyfully cried Bianca.—'Then let us think and speak only of each other. You find me changed, Castelli, much changed—do you not? To attempt to tell you all I have suffered since we parted would be vain. During the past week, I have hardly closed my eyes.—Night and day I have done little else than weep; and, at times, my women tell me, I have been disturbed in my reason. And *you*, Cola—how have you endured our separation? You have been sad, no doubt—but tell me all?'

'Bianca,' replied the student, 'I have nothing to tell you. Life has been a blank to me, since we parted. I have felt as if immured in a dungeon, into which could struggle down not one glimmering of the sun. Day after day, the blood seemed ebbing from my heart, until its beating seemed about to cease. Do you ask me what I have been doing? I do not know—and hardly what I have thought, or felt.'

'So it has been with myself,' said the Duchess. 'Ah, Castelli, I am sure our *hearts* have not been separated. And, now, I would tell you all that has happened; but where shall I begin. I have been confined to the palace—some one has betrayed us—they have not permitted me to go abroad, and oh, I have suffered! But come, Castelli, sit down beside me. You can remain until dawn, and then Lucia, my maid, will guide you from the palace. But tell me, can you come again?'

'Yes, dearest, yes; I feel that I can brave anything to be with you; and, if I live be sure we shall meet again. How quiet the night is, Bianca. All Padau is sleeping. Everything around us is peaceful and all within us is happy. Oh, it is a blessed night! Does it not seem as if the Deity were smiling? And, yet they say that love like ours is sinful, Bianca. Nay, do not tremble, dearest.'

'Did I tremble, Cola? Surely it was not with fear,' replied the lady. 'If my love for thee is sinful, Cola, then God be merciful! for by my hopes of heaven, that love is the holiest feeling of my heart! But it were vain now to speak of this. Let us think no more of it—let us forget every thing past or to come—everything but the present moment and each other. Oh, Cola—dear Cola, I am happy to look on thy face once more. One cannot die of gladness, or I should perish now. When I am with thee, I fear nothing. When we are separated, I am but a timid, imprisoned woman—thou a banished wanderer; together, we brave destiny—we are blest! But I am wild with joy—my brain is heated—I have asked of you a score of questions and waited answers to none. Is not all a dream, Castelli?—Is it not a dream?'

'Ay, Bianca, a dream—a glorious dream!—Would that it knew no waking! Would—'

'Hush, Cola,' interrupted the fond woman. 'Speak no more now. Let me gather my scattered thoughts—let me gaze on that pale brow and cheek, and realize that it is indeed, myself. I will talk to thee anon.'

And Bianca seated herself near the table and laying back the close jetty locks from the forehead of the student, who bent upon one knee before her, she gazed fondly upon his features. The dark eye of Castelli burned, and returned so ardently the gaze of the lady, that she turned away. By this movement, her eye caught a glympse of the folded parchment placed upon the table by Schedoni.

'What is this?' she asked, seizing the parchment. 'A note! and addressed to *me*? How came it here? Whence did it come? Did you place it here, Castelli?'

'No, Bianca,' replied the student. 'It must have been the man who conducted me.'

'A man with you here, Cola! Who was he? But first the letter.'

Hastily unfolding the parchment, the lady read aloud with tremulous tones these sentences:

'There are who were never gladdened with the wine of Cypress, and yet have rejoiced in the intoxication of revenge. Beautiful Signora, the sbire who *loves* is contemptible—is the sbire who *avenges* equally contemptible?'

'What does this mean?' exclaimed Castelli.

'All is plain,' replied Bianca, suddenly becoming pale. 'This writing I recognise as that of one who has dared to love me—who has insulted me before with such communications, and who, one day, coming to my father's palace at Venice, was driven away with blows. The man is called Schedoni, and is now a spy of the Council of Ten. Castelli, we are lost! You are a sacrifice to his hate to me! This snare is securely laid and we are taken!'

'Can this be possible!' said the student, hastily rising from his knee, and, accompanied by Bianca, jumping to the window.

'Fly!' she exclaimed, "delay not an instant! Extinguish the lamp and escape for your life!—Hear you not a noise, Cola? Hist! some one opens a door—footsteps—they advance! Fly, Castelli, as you came—fly, or you are lost!'

'The secret door through which I came, the villain has secured. Fool—fool—that I am, Bianca—I have ruined you!'

'No, Castelli, you have acted rightly, I should have done the same,' replied the terrified woman. 'But what is to be done—oh, God! what?'

'That door?' cried the student.

'Leads to the Duke's chamber.'

'The window?'

'A precipice!'

'This door?' continued Castelli.

'Enter my oratory whence there is no egress, yet enter—enter!' cried Bianca, throwing open the door. '*Any* delay will avail us.'

The student entered the oratory, and the lady carefully securing the lock, placed the key in her bosom. Then throwing aside a portion of her dress she cast herself upon the couch, and burying her head in the pillows, lay, as if she had been slumbering for hours.

Meanwhile, the advance of footsteps became more and more instinct. At interyals, the sound would cease, again a hasty stealthy tread was heard—it stopped—a key turned softly in a lock—the hangings were disturbed—and the concealed door, by which the student had entered, opened.

CHAPTER III—The Rivals.

Why sleeps *she* not, when others are at rest? Byron.

Had I been born with her indulgent stare,
My fortune had been her's, and her's been mine.
Dryden.

The secret door to the boudoir opened, and Beatrice Vivaldi, the Improvisatrice of Padau, with a lamp in her hand stood upon the threshold. Looking slowly around her, she advanced softly into the centre of the chamber, and placing the lamp which she held upon the table, proceeded carefully to examine the wick of that which had just been extinguished.

"I am right," she thought. "The lamp is yet hot and the fume of the smoke is fresh."

Turning, she perceived the Duchess extended upon the couch, the drapery of which was drawn aside.

"Ha! she pretends to sleep—does she?" muttered the actress. "But *alone?* How is this? Let me see."

Taking up her lamp, Beatrice now commenced a careful survey of the whole apartment, especially of the walls, the doors, the window, and at last stopped before the entrance of the oratory.

"This is the retreat," she said. "He is here," and placing her hand upon the lock, she was exerting all her strength to force it, when Bianca suddenly roused herself as from a deep slumber, and gazing on the intruder with a well assumed amazement, exclaimed, "Who is there?"

"Who?" rejoined the actress. "Only the favorite of the Podesta, of whom you may have chanced to hear, who has in her power the Podesta's wife! only a poor *commedienne*, a girl of the stage, a ballad singer as you choose to style the Improvisatrice: but, she has in her hands a noble Venetian lady—a married lady—a virtuous, respectable, right honorable lady, and she may dispose of this most amiable lady at her will!—What retribution may fall upon the other noble ladies of Padau for their frailties, she knows little and cares less: but sure is she that one of them is beneath her feet and will be kept there. Lady, lady, is it possible you can remain so tranquil? It were better for you to meet the lightning's glare than the glance of my eye! Have you the audacity to turn your face to mine, while you know there is a lover in your chamber?"

"It is false!" cried Bianca, her voice firm but her countenance colorless. Then in a more quiet tone and manner, she added—"You deceive yourself, my good girl—you mistake.—There is no one in this apartment but you and myself."

"Hold *madam!*" cried the Improvisatrice, her dark eyes flashing the fury of her feelings.—"Deny nothing—it is useless. I tell you calmly and deliberately, a lover has been this night in this chamber. I *know* this: it is no vain surmise. The lamp had just been extinguished when I entered—the cushions of those two *fauteuills* so close to each other, are disturbed—no wonder at that. Ah, how many a tender thing have these walls listened to to-night! 'I love thee—I adore thee—my life—my soul—I am thine forever!' and how many a fond embrace have they beheld! Away deceiver!"

"I do not comprehend you, woman!" commenced the agitated Bianca.

"Woman!" echoed the actress. "By heavens, madam, will you inform me how much more noble you are than I am? What the ballad-girl speaks alone to the lover at mid-day, the noble Venetian wife whispers to him secretly at midnight. One steals a husband the other a lover. A fair struggle. Well, let us struggle on, and joy to the victor! I am the Duke of Padau's mistress—so says the *wise* world—you are his wife—see which triumphs."

"Woman!" exclaimed the Duchess, "why are in you in my chamber at this strange hour? How came you here? What do you mean?—What do you seek?"

"A lover, beautiful Signora—I *seek* only your lover; and I *mean* to find him, even at this *strange* hour."

"Can you not see," replied Bianca, calmly, "that I am *alone* in my chamber—truly—entirely—utterly alone? Who you are or whence you come I do not know. What you demand of me I do not understand; but oh! your words as far as I *do* understand them freeze the blood in my veins. What I have said or done to excite your hostility, I am ignorant; nor can I believe there is any thing in this chamber to interest you."

"And I *know* there *is* something in this chamber to *interest* me," rejoined the actress firmly. "You really doubt it, Signora—do you? Ha! ha! ha! These virtuous women are incredible creatures, upon my soul! And do you suppose I would have addressed you as I have done had I no interest at stake? You are ignorant of the cause of my hostility? Well, Signora, there are several causes. Why is it that you are a noble lady and I a poor ballad singer? Why is it that you can fascinate where I cannot please? In some respects we are surely equal if not in birth. You are beautiful—so am I; you are wealthy and admired—I am equally so; and I have as much genius in my head and as much haughtiness in my heart—ay! and as much interest at stake in this chamber as you have! Now, Signora, for the lover. Where have you concealed him? What do you call him? Nay, I *must* see him and will."

"There is surely some mistake in this matter," commenced the Duchess. "If you know—"

"All I *know*, or care to know," interrupted the actress, "is this: that a lover has been in this chamber to-night—and there is but one door through which he could escape from it, and that this is that door."

"That door," said Bianca, approaching the actress in alarm, "that door opens into my oratory. Is it probable that any one should be there? It is private, and shut up from every eye. You are deceived—"

"Deceived? oh, no, I am not deceived, nor am I like to be deceived so long as your looks and words contradict each other as plainly as they now do. Why, you are absolutely quivering all over with excitement! Come, my pretty Signora, do not exert yourself to deny so stoutly; and arrange that loose white robe a little, for it is too much disturbed now even to meet a lover; and I am about to produce one anon. Nay, lady bestir yourself and gather up these silken tresses—disheveled, no doubt, by the world of soft sighs that have been floating among them to-night. Come put on your clothes and then, if you can, put yourself into a passion, and prove yourself the most injured, innocent, and most ignorant lady in all Padua. You are beautiful, Signora, no doubt of that, and you do infinite credit to your lover's taste, though hardly so much to your own discretion.

"No wonder he loves you: but what right have you to love him—at least to let him *know* it?"

As the Improvisatrice was uttering these words of bitter irony, her eye glanced along the floor, and happened to catch Castelli's mantle which lay near the balcony.

"Ha! is not here a mantle?" she exclaimed hastily seizing the velvet and examining it by the light. "A *man's* mantle! oh, could I but know to whom it belongs. But, alas! all mantles are alike. Madam, beware—beware! The owner of this mantle—his name—reveal it: for as there is a God above, I *will* have it. Do you hesitate? Then this door."

"But you cannot open it," said Bianca, with confidence. "Indeed—indeed, it leads to my private oratory, and is locked."

"Locked?" rejoined the actress. "Ay, you are right; and perhaps your loved lord keeps the key at night. There lies his room—I will call him, if you please;" and the excited girl was hastening to put her threat into execution, when Bianca casting herself at her feet exclaimed: "Oh, you must not—must not—go there! Indeed, I have never injured *you*—why should you ruin *me?* Stay, only an instant, and all shall be explained to you. Your words have been so frightful that they have bewildered me, and I can recollect nothing you have said. You have told I was a noble lady and you a ballad-singer, and oh, you have told me many strange and terrible things: but you have said nothing of this sbire—he is called Schedoni—this infamous spy, who I am sure has deceived you and caused all this trouble. He is a villian and insulted me at Venice, and has imposed on you—nay, an instant—I will show his letter Oh, you are too beautiful to be bad! I am sure you will spare me.—Do not approach that door—do not wake my husband! He will kill *him*—he will kill us both! Oh, if you only knew my situation—if I coul t

only tell you how much I have suffered, you would pity me. I am not criminal—not *very* criminal—indeed I am not. I have been imprudent; but I have had no mother to console me no sister to console me—no husband to love me: I loved *him* before they forced me to marry another, and we have been separated for years, and he has always been kind and respectful to me. Oh, pity me! Do not go to that chamber, I beseech you!"

"Have you done?" demanded the actress, in a cool and determined voice. "Well, now listen to me. There is concealed in that oratory a man whom you unlawfully love. You refuse to admit me to him. Your husband shall know all."

And the Improvisatrice again advanced towards the Duke's chamber, her suppliant clinging to her feet and entreated her to delay.

"A moment!" exclaimed the wretched woman—"one little moment for me to kneel before the crucifix"—pointing to one of polished copper, suspended against the wall behind the prayer-desk—"and then, if you wish to ruin me, if the Holy Mother shall permit it, you shall do as you please."

When Bianca had pointed to the crucifix, the eye of the actress had involuntarily followed the direction of her finger. But the careless glance which she gave it, became gradually a fixed stare of amazement. Freeing herself from the encircling arms of the Duchess, and advancing directly to the spot, she seized the crucifix from the spot, she seized the crucifix from the wall, and examining it, exclaimed: whose is this crucifix? How came it with you? Where did you find it? Who gave it you? Speak?"

"The crucifix?" returned Bianca, "the copper crucifix? I am confused. Why do you ask about the crucifix?"

"Quick—quick! How came it here?" eagerly demanded Beatrice, carrying the crucifix to the lamp and closely surveying it.

"Stay—let me think," said the Duchess. "It was a woman—yes, a woman—look at the name at the bottom; '*Beatrice*,' I believe—a poor woman, who sang ballads, whom my father—he is a senator—condemned to die for some offence, but whom on my petition, he pardoned. I was a child then; it was at Brascia all this happened. But I see you relent: do not ruin me."

"Go on!" said the actress. "The crucifix?"

'The woman took this crucifix from her little girl's neck; her eyes were like yours, singular eyes; and she gave it to me, telling me it would bring me good fortune. That is all; I have always preserved the crucifix. But why do you ask? Oh, why do you ask all these strange things? Spare me; I faint.'

'My mother! Oh, my mother!' ejaculated Beatrice, pressing the crucifix to her lips and bosom.

'My husband! I am lost!' murmured the fainting Bianca, as, just at that instant, the door opened and he appeared upon its threshold enveloped in a dressing robe and bearing a light. Without observing the actress, he advanced immediately to his wife, fiercely exclaiming,

'In God's name, madam, what means this tumult? Did I not hear voices in this apartment? How comes it you are not in bed at this hour? You tremble, madam; have you any one with you?'

'Only me, my lord Duke,' said the Improvisatrice, advancing before the Podesta.

'*You*, Beatrice!' exclaimed the Duke in astonishment. 'And how came *you* here at this hour? And my wife; why does she tremble so violently?'

'Patience, patience, my lord Duke!' rejoined the actress. 'Be quiet and you shall know all. Very briefly then, there is a conspiracy to assassinate you!'

'Assassinate me!' rejoined the Podesta, becoming exceedingly pale and looking hurriedly around him.

'Ay, to assassinate you, as you leave the palace,' continued Beatrice steadily. 'It is your custom to go out in the morning unattended, you know. Well, at a late hour I received intelligence of your danger and hurried off to inform your wife, that she might prevent you from going abroad, as usual, in the morning. This is why I am here at this hour, and it is cause enough, I think, for your wife to tremble yet more violently than she does.'

The Duchess had now partially recovered from her terror, and gazed astonished upon the Improvisatrice, while the latter, calm and collected, proceeded boldly with her recital. From childhood had she been so familiar with masking and deception, that now, a falsehood seemed to her hardly a fault, if the end to be attained was deemed sufficient for its justification, and it involved no infringement of confidence or honor.

'Strange!' said the Duke after a pause.—'Yet why should I be astonished? I was right, you perceive, when I told you of the perils which surround me. But who gave you this intelligence, Beatrice?'

'A man masked, who first compelled me to swear I would suffer him to escape."

'And you observed your oath?' asked the Duke.

'I did, of course, my lord.'

'Nay, but you did wrong, Beatrice. You should have sworn and yet have caused his arrest. But how did you enter the palace?'

'The masque guided me to a small door near the Port Molino,' was the ready answer.

'Well,' continued the Duke—'but how came you in this private chamber?'

'By means of this key which you gave me last night.'

'It seems to me,' said the Podesta thoughtfully, 'that I did not tell you the key opened a door to this room.'

'True, my lord. But you *did* tell me it opened many doors, and among the rest that to a bedchamber; and whose bed-chamber should I suppose you have a key to but your wife's?'

'Well—well—but this mantle?' exclaimed the Duke, seizing that dropped by Castelli, which lay upon the table

'Is the mantle of the masque,' replied Beatrice.

'It is fearful to think,' said the Duke musingly, 'that our most secret chambers are not free from intrusion What a life is mine! Plots, conspiracies, assassinations, espoinage. But tell me Beatrice—'

'No more to-night, my Lord Duke,' interrupted the actress. "You will, I am sure, to please me, defer all farther inquiry until to-morrow.—Consider the situation of your wife—beside, is it not quite sufficient for one night that I have preserved the life of the Podesta of Padau? My litter awaits me in the court. Please attend me to it and leave the Duchess to repose. You may be very certain she requires repose!'

'Be it as you will, fair Beatrice,' rejoined the Podesta. 'But, first, let me procure from my chamber my sword, for who knows the lurking places of these assasins?'

While the Duke hastened to execute his precaution, the Improvisatrice hastened to Bianca and said rapidly in a tone agitated and low—'Now—now, is your only chance for his life.—Let him escape as he entered—here is the key. O, God! if I but knew who was within that oratory!'

'I await *you*, Beatrice,' cried the Duke, standing upon the threshold of his apartment. "This is the way—why do you tarry?'

'I come—I come,' said the miserble girl.—Then fixing her eyes earnestly upon the door of the oratory and raising her clasped hands to heaven, she ejaculated in tones of intense and utter wretchedness—'Oh, God, if I *but* knew! If I could be assured! If I were but certain! If I could but see him one instant! But no! I come, my lord—I come!'

The doors were again closed, and Bianca Bragadina was alone in her boudoir. When the last echo of retreating footsteps ceased to be distinguished, she threw her hands to her forehead, as if awaking from sleep, and exclaimed—'Is all this a dream?'

[END OF PART SECOND.]

☞WAR☜

BETWEEN

TEXAS AND MEXICO.

INVASION OF TEXAS BY AN ARMY OF 15,000 MEXICANS!!

SURRENDER OF GOLLIAD AND SAN ANTONIA—GATHERING OF THE TEXANS—BLOODY WORK AT HAND!!

Correspondence of the New York Sun.

GALVESTON, (Texas,) March 11th, P. M.

Mr. M. Y. Beach:—An express arrived at 6 o'clock this evening from William H. Jack, one of the most respectable planters on the Brazos, with intelligence that a large Mexican force under Arista was advancing on San Antonia. Col. Jack states that the people were short of muskets. A public meeting was instantly called here, from which I have just returned—at which Committees were appointed to wait upon the President and request him to put the remainder of our Navy on the Gulf, to order arms to be supplied to the people of the west, and requesting him forthwith to give orders for the organization of our militia; a committee was also appointed to forward the muskets requested, by Col. Jack.

The commandants of two of our volunteer companies at the same time informed the meeting that they would be ready to march in 24 hours, with their respective commands, for the scene of action. The meeting has adjourned till to-morrow morning, when we expect one of the Houston boats down, which will no doubt confirm the above intelligence.—The President does not credit the news, though Col. Jack is a man of the most unsullied reputation. The New York is expected to leave in the morning. If any further intelligence is received before she sails, I will give it you. The above may be relied upon. I know the gentleman who sent the express so well, that I will pledge my honor for the truth of his statements.

Thursday morning, 3 o'clock. Another express is just in from Victoria, having been despatched by Capt. Hamlet Ferguson on the 6th inst. He states that he was taken prisoner on the 2d, some distance from San Antonia, by a party of 300 Mexicans, but released again on informing them that he was a farmer. They gave him Arista's proclamation promising safety and protection to all not found in arms—so that you rely upon it, VERY FEW *will be protected by this* may *magnanimous General!* Goliad was in possession of the enemy; San Antonia and Victoria were invested; the enemy appear to have entered the country in three divisions. Capt. Ferguson in his despatch says they number at least 8000 or 10,000, are well armed and equipped. Our men will leave at daylight.

12 M. The New York is detained to give time to raise money to send for amunitions, &c.; the steamer Dayton is just from Houston, three express riders have come down by her, one from Austin with despatches from the Secretary of war for the President. San Antonia and Victoria are in possession of the enemy; the troops sent from Austin to protect the former have fallen back upon the latter city: the force of the country is ordered out, and in less than ten days 10,000 Texans will be in the field. The express riders say the roads are lined with men pressing forward to the main body, which at the latest accounts were concentrated on the west side of the Colorado and numbered 1200 strong. The people on the Brazos and Colorado have sent to the President requesting assistance to remove their families. The Mexicans are pressing forward. The President has ordered the brig of war Wharton to be prepared for sea, and has granted letters of marque to the steamer Lafitte and schooner Santa Anna and sloop Washington; they will sail to-morrow or next day to intercept supplies expected at Copano for the Mexican army.

P. M. I have just returned from one of the largest public meetings I ever beheld in Texas, the excitement of the people is beyond description and their enthusiasm unparalleled. I have witnessed this night what I believe was never seen in any other country; a subscription was proposed to be taken up to fit out the vessels for sea; after which all the money was subscribed that could be obtained, those who had none came forward and gave such property as they could most readily spare, which was put up and sold at auction on the spot for whatever it would bring! Some gave real estate, others negroes, cattle, furniture, provisinns, arms and ammunition, watches, one man, who had just arrived with a boat load of fire wood, gave four cords out of six! and in that short space, upwards of seven thousand dollars was raised from the members present!!! Hear this ye Mexicans and contrast it with your mode of raising the "sinews of war" by forced loans, and your means of dragging your armies into the fiel l, chained like felons, as has been your custom for ages past.

Yes—I say, hear these truths and tremble for the retributive vengeance of a nation of injured and insulted freeman, is at length aroused, and will not be appeased, until they wipe you from the catalogue of nations, to which family you have too long been a disgrace and a curse!!

These, Mr. Beach, I do assure are the sentiments and feelings of the Texan nation, and not as you were pleased to denounce in a late editorial, the "bombast of Texans."

Friday, 10 A. M. The New York will not leave till to-morrow morning. When the committee will be ready to leave for New Orleans with ample means to purchase such munitions of war as we may require to carry on the war.

Another Express has just arrived from Austin, there were 500 Texans in the city and hundreds were met on the way within a short distance of the place. Edward Burleson, the Vice President, was met a few miles from the city with 160 men, raised in his neighborhood, and you may rest assured he will give a good account of them. The next arrival will probably bring news of some hard fighting.

The President has despatched expresses to all the eastern counties, and I have no doubt the people there will follow the example of the west and turn out en masse. I send you with my package of newspapers, a copy of the Proclamation of Arista, also a copy of Gen. Houston's Proclamation. By request of the President, the New York will not leave till to-morrow.

Sunday Morning, 10 o'clock. The steamer Lafitte and other vessels are all manned and will sail this afternoon. Gen. Sam. Houston leaves to-day for the army. An express arrived last night but brings no further news only confirmatory of previous accounts: there were between 1200 and 1300 Texans at Gonzales, waiting to check them, and 300 near Victoria. I have no doubt there are over 3000 at the scene of action before now. I will keep this open till the last moment, and if any further news arrives before the boat leaves, will give it you. ☞

Gen. Houston left Galveston on the 13th, to join the army in person. He has published the following proclamation:

PROCLAMATION TO THE CITIZENS OF TEXAS.

My Countrymen!—Rumors have been brought from the southwestern frontier of invasion; particulars have not been furnished to the Executive The facts are sufficient to justify immediate preparation for defensive war. All who are subject to military duty are commanded to be in readiness to repair equipped to the scene of action, at the call of the authorities of the country. It is ordered that the colonel of each county, for the present, lay off the county into company beats, and direct the election of captains and subalterns, and arrange the members of each company in three classes, agreeably to the class in which they may draw. When drafts may take place, the colonels of the different counties shall have authority and power to accept efficient substitutes into service. Each man will be required, in the event of a call by the President, to report himself, furnished with good arms, eight days provisions, and one hundred rounds of ammunition, prepared for three months service from the time when he may report at the head quarters of the army.

In the event of a formidable invasion, it is needless to appeal to the patriotism and valor of Texas. They have won Liberty and Independence by their undaunted heroism; they have enjoyed the blessings of freedom;—they are proud of their national character!

If invasion should press upon us, we are required by every sacred obligation to family, friends, and country, to repel our invaders with discomfiture and dismay. If war should come upon us, we will make it our business We will be authorized to meet and pursue our enemies with vengeance. They have forgotten the generosity with which they were treated when they were placed at the footstool of Texan mercy.

They were saved when even humanity would have justified retributive vengeance. Should Mexico again disregard the exalted principles of civilized and honorable warfare, they shall feel that avenging arm that shall take of them full recompense for oppression and cruelty! Texans can and will be free! They would prefer death to degredation, or the loss of their Independence.

SAM. HOUSTON.

Galveston, 10th March, 1842.

We add the following received from an authentic source.

At 11 o'clock on Sunday, as the New York was coming out from Galveston, we met the steamer Edward Burrelston, just from Houston, and learned officially of the surrender of San Antonia to the Mexican troops, under the command of General Vasquez, on the 5th instant.—His force consisted of 50 lancers; 350 cavalry; 100 infantry; 3 mounted Caddo Indians, and about 550 rancheros, and is, no doubt, the advanced guard of the army. All the Mexicans in Bexar have joined the invading army. From the best information we can get the entire Mexican force now in Texas is believed to be about 15,000. Gen. Burrelson has about 2000 men under his command at Gonzales, and is daily receiving acquisitions. He is prepared to give the enemy a warm reception, and although the numbers are largely against them, he and his men are certain of success and impatient for the conflict.

Gen. Houston left Galveston on Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, for the army. He goes cool and collected, as would seem from exterior appearances, whilst at the same time, those who are intimate with him can but perceive that eruptions equal to Mount Vesuvius are at work within him. His health is firm, his spirits good, and a determination immovably fixed in him to heap vengeance on the perfidious Mexicans.

If necessary, he will have 10,000 Texians in the field in thirty days. Houston and Galveston are turning out to a man, as are all other parts of Texas. The steamer Lafitte, and three sloops, all private property, have been manned and fully fitted out by the citizens of Galveston, and sailed on Sunday, under command of Capt. Clarke, for Copano and the Braso San Iago. The Texas flag will be planted at the latter place, and the next step is to take Matamoras. These are the orders of Gen. Huoston.

Never have I seen so much joy manifested by any people as the Texians, in consequence of their invasion by Mexico. All are on the tiptoe at the prospect of an early engagement, and the motto of "Victory or Death, and no Surrender," is the cry and watchword of every Texian citizen. In the language of the hero of San Jacinto, whose letter you have—"Mexico has made the war, and has provoked the indignation of all who have regarded her sanguinary cruelty and matchless perfidy since the Almo was first besieged. Let Mexico look out for the consequence of her iniquities."

MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

Notwithstanding the urgency with which I have, on more than one occasion, felt it my duty to press upon Congress the necessity of providing the Government with the means of discharging its debts, and maintaining inviolate the public faith, the increasing embarrassments of the Treasury, impose upon me the indispensable obligation of again inviting your most serious attention to the condition of the finances. Fortunately for myself, in thus bringing this important subject to your view, for a deliberate and comprehensive examination of it in all its bearings, and I trust I may add, for a final adjustment of it, to the common advantage of the whole Union, I am permitted to approach it with perfect freedom and candor. As few of the burdens for which provision is now required to be made, have been brought upon the country during my short administration of its affairs, I have neither motive nor wish to make them a matter of crimination against any of my predecessors. I am disposed to regard, as I am bound to treat them, *as facts*, which cannot now be undone, and as deeply interesting to us all, and equally imposing upon all, the most solemn duties. And the only use I would make of the errors of the past, is, by a careful examination of their causes and character, to avoid, if possible, the repetition of them in future. The condition of the country indeed, is such as may well arrest the conflict of parties. The conviction seems at length to have made its way to the minds of all, that the disproportion between the public responsibilities, and the means provided for meeting them, is no casual nor transient evil. It is on the contrary, one which must, for some years to come, notwithstanding a resort to all reasonable retrenchments, and the constant progress of the country in population and productive power, continue to increase under existing laws, unless we consent to give up or impair all our defences in war and peace. But this is a thought which I am persuaded no partiotic mind would, for a moment, entertain Without affecting an alarm, which I do not feel, in regard to our foreign relations, it may safely be affirmed, that they are in a state too critical, and involve too many momentous issues to permit us to neglect in the least, much less to abandon entirely, those means of asserting our rights, without which negotiation is without dignity, and peace without security.

In the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, submitted to Congress at the commencement of the present session, it is estimated that after exhausting all the probable resources of the year, there will remain a deficit of about $14,000,000. With a view partly to a permanent system of revenue, and partly to immediate relief from actual embarrassment, that officer recommended, together with a plan for establishing a Government Exchequer, some expedients of a more temporary character, viz: the issuing of Treasury notes, and the extension of the time for which the loan, authorized to be negotiated by the act of the last session should be taken. Congress accordingly provided for an issue of Treasury notes to the amount of $5,000,000, but subject to the condition that they should not be paid away below par.

No measure connected with the last of the two objects above mentioned, was introduced until recently into the House of Representatives. Should the Loan bill now pending before that body pass into a law for its present amount, there would still remain a deficit of $2,500,000. It requires no argument to show that such a condition of the Treasury is incompatible not only with a high state of public credit, but with any thing approaching to efficiency in the conduct of public affairs. It must be obvious, even to the most inexperienced minds, that, to say nothing of any particular exigency, actual or imminent, there should be at all times in the Treasury of a great nation, with a view to contingencies of ordinary occurrence, a surplus at least equal in amount to the deficiency, serious as it would be in itself, will I am compelled to say, rather be increased than diminished, without the adoption of measures adequate to correct the evil at once. The stagnation of trade and business, in some degree, incident to the derangement of the national finances and the state of the revenue laws, holds out but little in prospect of relief, in the ordinary course of things, for some time to come.

Under such circumstances, I am deeply impressed with the necessity of meeting the crisis with a vigor and decision which it imperatively demands at the hands of all entrusted with the conduct of public affairs. The gravity of the evil calls for a remedy proportioned to it. No slight palliaties, or occasional expedients, will give the country the relief it needs. Such measures, on the country, will, in the end, as is now manifest to all, too surely multiply its embarrassments.—Relying, as I am bound to do, on the Representatives of a People rendered illustrious among nations, by having paid off its whole public debt, I shall no shrink from the responsibility imposed upon me by the Constitution, of pointing out such measures as will, in my opinion, ensure adequate relief. I am the more encouraged to recommend the course which necessity exacts, by the confidence which I have in its complete succes. The resources of the country, in every thing that constitutes the wealth and strength of nations are so abundant, the spirit of a most industrious, enterprising, and intelligent People, is so energetic and elastic, that the Government will be without the shadow of excuse for its delinquency, if the difficulties which now perplex and embarrass it, be no speedily and effectually removed.

From present indications, it is hardly doubtful that Congress will find it necessary to lay additional duties on imports in order to meet the ordinary current expenses of the Government. In the exercise of a sound discrimination, having reference to revenue, but at the same time necessarily affording incidental protection to manufacturing industry, it seems equally probably that duties on some articles of importation will have to be advanced above 20 per cent. In performing this important work of revising the tariff of duties, which, in the present emergency, would seem to be indispensible, I cannot too strongly recommend the cultivation of a spirit of mutual harmony and concession to which the Government itself owes its origin, and without the continued exercise of which jarring and discord would universally prevail.

And additional reason for the increase of duties in some instances beyond the rate of 20 per cent. will exist in fulfilling the recommendations already made, and now repeated, of making adequate appropriations for the defence of the country.

By the express provision of the act distributing the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the States, its operation is, *ipso facto*, to cease so soon as the rate of duties shall exceed the limits prescribed in the act.

In recommending the adoption of means for distributing the proceeds of the public lands among the States, at the commencement of the last session of Congress, such distribution was urged by arguments and considerations which appeared to me then, and appear to me now, of great weight, and was placed on the condition that it should not render necessary any departure from the act of 1833. It is with sincere regret that I now perceive the necessity of departing from that act, because I am well aware that expectations, justly entertained by some of the States will be disappointed by any occurrence which shall withhold from them the proceeds of the lands. But the condition was plainly expressed in the Message, and was inserted in terms equally plain in the law itself; and amidst the embarrassments which surround the country on all sides, and beset both the General and the State Government, it appears to me that the objects first and highest in importance, is to establish the credit of this Government and to place it on durable foundations, and thus afford the most effectual support to the credit of the States, equal, at least, to what it would receive from a direct distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands.

When the Distribution law passed, there was reason to anticipate that there soon would be a real surplus to distribute. On that assumption, it was, in my opinion, a wise, a just, and a beneficent measure. But to continue it in force, while there is no such surplus to distribute, when it is manifestly necessary not only to increase the duties, but at the same time to borrow money in order to liquidate the public debt, and disembarrass the public Treasury, would cause it to be regarded as an unwise alienation of the best security of the public creditor, which would with difficulty be excused, and could not be justified.

Causes of no ordinary character have recently depressed American credit in the stock market of the world to a degree quite unprecedented. I need scarcely mention the condition of the banking institutions of some of the States—the vast amount of foreign debt contracted during a period of wild speculation by corporations and individuals, and, above all, the doctrine of repudiation of contracts solemnly entered into by States, which, although as yet applied under circumstances of a peculiar character, and generally rebuked with severity by the moral sense of the community, is yet so very licentious, and in a Government depending wholly on opinion, so very alarming, that the impression made by it to our disadvantage, as a people, is anything but surprising. Under such circumstances, it is imperatively due from us to the people whom we represent, that when we go into the money market to contract a loan, we should tender such securities as to cause the money-lender, as well at home as abroad, to feel that the most propitious opportunity is afforded him of investing, profitably and judiciously, his capital. A Government which has paid off the debts of two wars, waged with the most powerful nation of modern times, should not be brought to the necessity of chaffering for terms in the money market.

Under such circumstances as I have adverted to, our object should be to produce with the capitalist a feeling of entire confidence, by a tender of that sort of security which, in all times past, has been esteemed sufficient, and which, for the small amount of our proposed indebtedness, will unhesitatingly be regarded as amply adequate, while a pledge of all the revenues amount to no more than is implied in every instance, when the Government contracts a debt, and although it ought, under ordinary circumstances, to be entirely satisfactory, yet in times like these, the capitalist would feel better satisfied with the pledge of a specific fund, ample in magnitude to the payment of his interest, and ultimate reimbursement of his principal. Such is the character of the fund. The most vigilant money dealer will readily perceive that not only will his interest be secure, on such a pledge, but that a debt of $18,-000,000, or $20,000,000, would, by the surplus of sales over and above the payment of the interest fixed for its redemption, to be extinguished within any reasonable time. To relieve the Treasury from its embarrassments, and to aid in meeting its requisitions, until time is allowed for any new tariff of duties to become available, it would seem to be necessary to fund a debt, approaching to $15,000,000 and in order to place the negotiation of the loan beyond a reasonable doubt, I submit to Congress whether the proceeds of the sales of the public lands should not be pledged for the payment of the interest, and the Secretary of the Treasury be authorized out of the surplus of the proceeds of such sales, to purchase the stock; and also when it can be procured on such terms as will render it beneficial in that way to extinguish the debt, and prevent the accumulation of such surplus, while its distribution is suspended.

No one can doubt that, were the Federal Treasury now as prosperous as it was ten years ago, and its fiscal operations conducted an efficient agency of its own, co-extensive with the Union, the embarrasments of the States and corporations in them would produce, even if the continued as they are, (were that possible,) effect far less disastrous than those now experienced. It is the disorder here, at the heart and centre of the system, that paralyzes and deranges every part of it. Who does not know the permanent importance, not to the Federal Government alone, but to every State and every individual within its jurisdiction even in their most independent and isolated individual pursuits, in the preservation of a sound state of public opinion and a judicious Administration here? The sympathy is instantaneous and universal. To attempt to remedy the evil of the

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It is the full conviction of this truth which emboldened me most earnestly to recommend to your early and serious consideration, the measures now submitted to your better judgment, as well as those to which your attention has been already invited. The first great want of the country, that, without answering which all attempts at bettering the present condition of things will prove fruitless is a complete restoration of the credit and finances of the Federal Government.

The source and foundation of all credit, is in the confidence which the Government inspires; and just in proportion as that confidence shall be shaken or diminished, will be the distrust among all classes of the community, and the derangement and demoralization in every branch of business, and all the interests of the country. Keep up the standard of good faith and punctuality in the operations of the General Government, and all partial irregularities and disorders will be rectified by the influence of its example; but suffer that standard to be debased or disturbed, and it is impossible to forsee, to what a degree of degradation and confusion all financial interests, public and private, may sink. In such a country as this the representatives of the People have only to will it and the public credit will be as high as it ever was.

My own views of the measure calculated to effect this great and desirable object, I have thus frankly expressed to Congress, under circumstances which give to the entire subject a peculiar and solemn interest. The Executive can do no more. If the credit of the country be exposed to question—if the public defences be broken down or weakened,—if the whole administration of public affairs be embarrassed for want of the necessary means for conducting them with vigor and effect I trust that this Department of the Government will be found to have done all that was in its power to avert such evils, and will be acquitted of all just blame on account of them.

JOHN TYLER.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE COLUMBIA, AT HALIFAX.

The Steam Ship Unicorn arrived at Boston 27th ult. bringing the passengers, mails, &c. of the Columbia—which vessel has arrived at Halifax.

The Columbia, left Liverpool on the 4th inst. as was supposed, and encountered a series of unusually terrific storms, which severely tested her powers of resisting the force of opposing winds and seas. On the 18th inst., in lat. 44, 33, lon. 51, 4, at 7 P. M., the engineer reported that the intermediate shaft had broken, and accordingly the engines were stopped. This disagreeable accident, however, did not irremediably arrest the Columbia, for the floats were stripped off the wheels, and her sails were hoisted, under which she continued her course until 12 o'clock on the night of the 25th inst., when the starboard engines were put in motion, to bring her into the port of Halifax, which she finally reached in safety. She brought 40 passengers, 35 of which were for Boston. She will leave Halifax for England, April 2d.

By this arrival we have London dates to the 2d ult. and Liverpool to the 4th.

England.—The record of the doings of Parliament, since the 19th of February, our last advices, are not particularly interesting to the American reader. On the subject of the Corn Laws, there had been much debate and an amendment to Sir Robert Peel's motion, going to abolish all duties on imported grain, was voted down, 393 to 90, leaving a clear majority in favor of the ministry of 303 votes. Other amendments were also rejected by large votes, and one recognizing the principle of protection, but differing in the rate of duties, was lost by a majority of 202. The question is considered as now settled, according to the plans of Sir Robert Peel.

Business in England was particularly dull, and was expected to remain so until after the promulgation of the financial measures of the ministry, which it was expected would involve a new arrangement of duties. Money was abundant.

Ireland is dissatisfied under the present Government. Several combinations to disturb the country have been detected.

The Bank has lowered its rate of discount from 5 to 4 per cent.

A delay of four months had been asked and obtained for the French government to ratify the right of search.

Sixteen ships, amounting to 10,092 tons, have been engaged for the conveyance of troops to China.

Letters by the Indian mail, by a new arrangement, have been delivered in London in 48 days from Calcutta.

France.—It appears that France had not ratified the treaty in relation to the slave trade. Lord Aberdeen had exchanged ratifications in London with Austria, Russia, and Prusia, and it was left open for the French to ratify at a future day. Considerable sensation was created in Paris, by the news that the other powers had acted without France, and the funds fell, in consequence, nearly half per cent. A debate in reference to this matter sprung up in the Deputies, but produced no satisfactory result.

A rumor was current that the French government has discovered a new and formidable plot against the lives of the King of the French and his family, and that, in consequence, the most extraordinary precautions are taken to guard the Tuilleries and various entrances thereto. The army will, it is said, be immediately strengthened by the enlistment of 5000 men.

Portugal.—A revolution broke out at Lisbon on the night of the 7th, which terminated in favor of the charter of Don Pedro.

China and India.—The news from China is to the 31st November, and is unimportant.

The British troops had taken Hong-kong-foo. At Amoy symptoms of hostility were manifested, and Capt. Smith, of the Druid, had written for reinforcements. No overtures for peace had been made to the British Plenipotentiary up to 25th of November.

The Emperor of China had ordered Keshen to be beheaded.

A treaty with the Wyandot Indians.—We learn by a letter from Col. John Johnson, United States Commissioner, published in the "Ohio State Journal," that on the 9th ult. he concluded at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, a treaty of cession and emigration with the Chiefs and Councillors of the Wyandot nation of Indians; by which the chiefs are to remove their people to the Southwest of Missouri in 1843 at their own cost, and without the usual agency on the part of Government of superintendents, conductors, teamsters, &c.—the Indians furnishing their own transportation and subsistence on the journey, and finding themselves provisions at their new home. By this treaty the Wyandots cede to the United States without any reservation, all their lands, consisting of about one hundred and fifteen sections, said to be amongst the best in Ohio, and much of it in a state of cultivation.—*National Intelligencer.*

Mexico and the United States.—The Philadelphia papers state, on the authority of private letters from Washington, that the President has ordered a squadron to Mexico, to demand the liberty of the American citizens, prisoners, at twenty-four hours' notice, or in case of refusal, our Minister is to demand his passports, and repair to the squadron, there to await further orders. The United States Gazette also states that an officer of the army has been sent from Washington, with orders for the 6th Regiment of Infantry, and five companies 2d Dragoons, to repair forthwith to the Sabine river, to prevent any interference on the part of the American citizens with the affairs of Texas.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 5, 1842.

Mr. Editor:—Having looked over the proceedings of Congress from the 15th to the 19th ult. I take this occasion to give you a short analysis of what they are about. This analysis must refer to but one or two things, for the subjects which are merely touched and glanced over are legion: therefore it will not be supposed that this is an analysis of all they have done.

The question before the House, March 17, was whether the U. States' Bonds should be sold below par. Mr. Fillmore said it was the Secretary of the Treasury who had made this fatal stab at the present Administration, not as Mr. Wise thought, the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. Mr. F. said the peculiar friends of the Administration were throwing more obstacles in its way than both great political parties, for they were trying to play a high game before the American people; but he would not suffer them to play the Demagogue at his expense.

Mr. Tillinghast was in favor of authorizing the sale of Bonds below par.

Mr. Pickens opposed this. He said it would destroy the credit of country; and scatter its resources. He denounced this measure as one which would enable Shylocks to get these Bonds at any price. He thought the Committee of Ways and Means ought to have done its duty and reported a bill repealing the Distribution Act.

Mr. Reynolds also opposed their sale below par.

Mr. Johnson said he would vote for it come from what quarter it might.

Mr. Marshall was opposed to selling these Bonds under par. He said this Bill ought to be called "a Bill to pay the Public Debt," for which the party in power were not in the least responsible. But, said he, the debt is upon us and we must pay it; and we must do it by raising the revenue, and increased taxation.

Mr. Saltonstall got up and said he felt dreadfully because some one took occasion, incidentally, to charge the Committee of Manufacteres with procrastination.

Mr. C. Brown said that the condition of the country was owing to the party in power. The Secretary of the Treasury thought it was the operation of the Compromise Act, which was an act of the party now in power,—and if they were entitled to the credit of the measure, let them be entitled to the discredit of its operation.—He repelled the charges of Mr. Marshall that Mr. Van Buren had left the country in this dilemma, and showed from the Treasury Report that it was from estimated deficiencies to occur in May next.

Mr. Everett thought the Secretary of the Treasury ought to be empowered to effect a Loan, at par, at the shortest period possible.

Mr. Stanley rose to defend the Whig party from the charge that the Executive belonged to it. He said they had thrown him overboard altogether, and committed him to the tender care and keeping of the Locofocos.

At 4 o'clock the House adjourned.

Washington, Friday, March 18.

In Senate, Mr. Clay's Resolutions were taken up—Mr. Evans concluded his speech in their favor. He was in favor of discriminating duties, especially in regard to domestic Manufactures.

In House, the Loan Bill was taken up. Mr. Gordon made a reply to Stanley. He said if the Whigs did read Mr. Tyler out of church, they would be responsible for his acts. He showed that the Whig party had already fixed a debt of $20,000,000 on the country, and if they were permitted to go on as they had done they would raise it up to 40,000,000.

Mr. M. Brown said the Government was in a delicate condition. This degraded condition was brought about by a most extensive system of Humbuggery from one end of the country to the other. And these evils were perpetuated by the Ultra-Tariff-Party and the Ultra-Anti Tariff-Party on that floor. The Loan Bill ought to be passed at once—the Bonds to be sold at par.

Mr. Giddings said he rose to tell the House that they had been in Session 13 weeks, and had given only two days and a half hour to private bills.

Mr. Proffit wanted to speak before the committee, but it was found there was no quorum.

Mr. Floyod moved the House adjourn. The yeas and nays showed a quorum and they went into committee again, when Mr. Proffit defended the "peculiar friends" of the President from his "peculiar enemies."

At 4 o'clock the House adjourned.

Washington, March 19, Saturday.

Proffit's speech in the House to-day was very severe and bitter. He said the Whig party were the cause of the present embarrassments. He denounced the Whig policy worse than any Democrat has done. He ridiculed the idea that six members—a "corporal's guard"—could oppose the doings of Congress whether they acted with the President or not. The Whigs were strong enough to pass a Bank Bill in two hours at the Extra Session, in spite of this "Corporal's Guard," and they could do it now, if they were disposed to go on. And the only reason why they could not carry the Government on was because the Majority had began by an effort to *make a President*. He said all the motive members had for behaving thus was to put down one of this "Guard,' and one who to the rest was a "fippenny bit" among six cents, (Mr. Wise.) Little else was done and the House adjourned.

At a meeting of the Inhabitants of the town of Paris, holden on the 4th day of April, 1842, being the adjournment of the annual Town-Meeting, America Thayer was chosen Moderator, and Eleazer C. Shaw, Clerk.

R. K. Goodenow offered the following Resolutions which were *unanimously* adopted, and thereupon Stephen Emery offered the following *preamble* to said Resolutions which was also unanimously adopted.

Whereas, in times of pecuniary distress and embarrassment, it becomes the imperative duty of Government to diminish and alviate the burthens of the people, as far as it is within their power, with due regard to the general welfare,—and whereas, in the condition of our country, the present is a period marked by peculiar distress, privation, and suffering; and whereas the subject of retrenchment and economy in the public expenditures has been urged upon the consideration of the present Congress, who alone possess the power and ought promptly to exercise it, to bring retrenchment and economy into all the departments of the administration; and whereas it is their general duty to see that the money of the people be prudently and not lavishly expended—to enquire, not where expense may be tolerated, but where it may be prevented and diminished; and whereas, among the vast amount of expenditures, that of the allowance made to Members of Congress stands out in bold relief as extravagant and out of all just proportion to the rewards of any other department of industry throughout the country, whether physical, moral, or intellectual, tending directly and powerfully to encourage intrigue, management and corruption in seeking to obtain that station—from mere mercenary motives, rather than high and noble and patriotic sentiments—encouraging selfishness, avarice, long Sessions, and inattention to the public interest, instead of a disinterested, self-sacrificing, anxious, prompt and exclusive devotion to the good of the people, whose servants they are, and whose prosperity they are bound to promote,—Therefore,

Resolved, That the per diem pay and mileage of Members of Congress, as now established by law, are too high and ought to be reduced.

Resolved, That the per diem pay should not exceed five dollars, and that the mileage should not exceed the rate of twenty cents per mile.

Resolved, That we will hereafter support no man for the office of Senator or Representative in Congress who shall refuse to pledge himself to use all proper means to effect the reduction contemplated in the preceding resolutions.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be published in the "Oxford Democrat," and that the conductors of newspapers throughout the United States be respectfully requested to notice the subject in their several Journals, and to urge upon the readers of them, the expediency of prompt and simultaneous action by the people, in their respective Congressional Districts, in order that this work of National Reform may be accomplished.

AMERICA THAYER, Moderator.
E. C. SHAW, Clerk.

The following are the Resolutions offered by Mr. Giddings, in the House of Representatives, March 21, for which he received the censure of that body:—

Creole Case—Abolition—Censure of Mr. Giddings.

When the State of Ohio was called, Mr. Giddings submitted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That prior to the adoption of the Federal Constitution each of the several States composing this Union exercised full and exclusive jurisdiction over the subject of slavery within its own territory, and possessed full power to continue or abolish it at pleasure.

Resolved, That by adopting the Constitution no part of the aforesaid powers were delegated to the Federal Government, but were reserved by and still pertain to each of the several States.

Resolved, That, by the 8th section of the 1st article of the Constitution, each of the several States surrendered to the Federal Government all jurisdiction over the subjects of commerce and navigation upon the high seas.

Resolved, That slavery, being an abridgement of the natural rights of man, can exist only by force of positive municipal law, and is necessarily confined to the territorial jurisdiction of the power creating it.

Resolved, That when a ship belonging to the citizens of any State of this Union leaves the waters and territory of such State, and enters upon the high seas, the persons on board cease to be subject to the slave laws of such State, and thenceforth are governed in their relations to each other by, and are amendable to, the laws of the United States.

Resolved, That when the brig Creole, on her late passage from New Orleans, left the territorial jurisdiction of Virginia, the slave laws of that State ceased to have jurisdiction over the persons on board said brig, and such persons became amendable only to the laws of the United States.

Resolved, That the persons on board said ship, in resuming their natural rights of personal liberty, violated no law of the United States, incurred no legal penalty, and are justly liable to no punishment.

Resolved, That all attempts to regain possession of or to re-enslave said persons are unauthorized by the Constitution or laws of the United States, and are incompatible with our national honor.

Resolved, That all attempts to exert our national influence in favor of the coastwise slave trade, or a place this nation in the attitude of maintaining a "commerce in human beings," are subversive of the rights and injurious to the feelings and the interests of the free States, are unauthorized by the Constitution, and prejudicial to our national character.

For the Oxford Democrat.

Permit, Mr. Editor, an old correspondent under a new name to send you the reverie of a "Hard Dollar."—The ideas which he entertains are peculiar to himself, and, although somewhat out of date at the present day, they are not unimportant. If he does complain some it cannot be matter of surprise. For the neglect with which he has been treated has stirred up his resentment. He has borne, and is now bearing with much bad treatment. He thinks as follows:

"I have always been a very quiet personage, especially of late years; but community is beginning to feel my importance. Certain persons, called Bankers, have attempted to make folks believe that strips of paper stamped in a peculiar way were as valuable as myself, and these have been put forth as circulation; and the two Governments, Great Britain and the United States, have endeavored to give effect to this expedient. It has been supposed that large debts caused this policy. I feel myself degraded by such efforts; and I have therefore left those countries and visited such lands as were mindful of my virtues, where prices were low. I am ready to return, however, as soon as this difficulty is remedied; and certain companions of mine would, with the assistance of a little labor, come from the earth and render the same service that I have.

It is easy to be seen that paper promises to hand *me* over from dealer to dealer have been increasing, while the *number* of those like me have been growing less, arising partly from consumption in the Arts, partly from visits to foreign countries, and chiefly from the circumstance that no man has sought me in the bowels of the earth. Promises have increased and the means of performance have diminished. At the present moment I am in great demand to take the place of my *ragged* substitute, who has been found wanting in value. I have always been unable to see why Bankers should promise to pay me and make no effort to get me, or hold me, except I accidentally went to stay a short season.

Late years it has not been fashionable to look for me in the mines, and even the worst Agricultural districts in Mexico, my favorite country, have been more profitable than seeking me. This ought to convince all that I shall not be sought so long as this state of things exists—and so long as *promises* to pay me over can be substituted for my *own self*. The Bankers feeling their consequence, have thought they could control events; but events are now controling them.—They have forced the water up, but they can't keep it up, so it's running down.

They could not have controlled events so long as they have, had not Great Britain (which owes $4,000,000,000,) found that it was more easy to get paper in its service than humble individuals like myself; and so discarded me. And had not also the people of the United States, without any debt, been fools enough, not only to follow the example of G. Britain, but to run into greater folly. For they seemed bent on taking part of the burden of the English debt, while the English were quietly shifting it from their shoulders.

Governments have done all they can, and they find they must get me before they promise me. Folks begin to doubt whether I can be caught to pay these promises. I go where 'tis my interest to go. I can buy more in France than in England or the United States, so I go there. "A man is known by the company he keeps." I felt degraded in the presence of paper, and so I quit it's company.

Some say it was necessary to issue paper because the Creator did not make enough gold and silver for the wants of man. If that be the case, why do they promise me? Did they expect to comply or fail? They always said that every paper dollar had a quiet representative like myself locked up in vaults; but when they would lay their finger on me, lo! I was not there. Then the tune was changed, and lo! it was the fault of Providence—He had not made Gold and Silver enough to comply with their promises. Well, perhaps this is so; but the fault lay in making too many promises. I have long since found that there could be enough like me found for all fair and honorable dealing.

My part is a very humble one, and that is to measure values; the labor which I represent in my own person showing an equal amount of labor and skill in any other commodity. To do this, does not need a particular measure for every dollar of value in those commodities, but being a nimble and active person, I can measure a great many. Mr. Loy thinks I can measure in trade $27; in the annual productions of the earth, Mr. Adam Smith thinks I can measure $35 worth. Mr. Calhoun (a good friend of mine) thinks with Adam Smith. Professor Weyland thinks I can do more. If the annual production is not more than seven per cent. of the whole capital, then it is easy to see that those frightful pictures of depreciation drawn by those who are in favor of a paper and opposed to a metalic currency, are the results of ignorance.

Whatever degree of ignorance may have prevailed in regard to *my* true functions, I feel very confident now that "Old Nick" is out of the way, my merits will be well known. I trust the Grand Jury will find against him what he seldom issued, a true Bill.

So long as he could get State Stocks enough to go abroad and pay the balance against America between exports and imports, it was an easy thing for him to regulate the currency at home; but when the foreigner rang the bell, and said—"Please step to the Captain's Office and settle your fare," all was consternation. My companions had births in the best Packets, and the few that could be found had their expenses paid to go on board. Some had been keept for a long time in old stockings—some in Bank vaults, but after bringing all hands into the service, there was found to be a woeful deficiency in the quantity required.

Some people suppose with Mr. Clay, that all these difficulties may be remedied by a Tariff; but the fact is, I go but very little into those countries which lay heavy duties and keep up high prices. I have no regard for Tariffs. I cannot be kept in the presence of paper money under any circumstances.

The fact is, if people want me, they must dig and find me. There is enough to be found where I come from. Labour produces wheat enough—so will it gold enough Do you suppose if a country wished to raise wheat, it would call on the Legislature to pass a Resolution—or to form a wordy preample—or make an idle Law? No such thing; they would recommend to the farmers to plough and sow the seed, and in due time reap a harvest. So if you want *me* you must not call on Jupiter or Congress, for all their invocations will never produce one

HARD DOLLAR."

From the Augusta Age.

THE CASE OF MR. GIDDINGS.

The New England Federalists did not vote for the resolution of censure, (Mr. Giddings being a political friend,) but it is evident that they were deeply exasperated with him. In fact, that gentleman's resolutions amounted *to a resolution of censure* upon Mr. Webster, whose instructions to Mr. Everett were of the most ultra pro-slavery character. Hence the exasperation of the New England Federalists. Hence the denunciation, by Mr. Everett, of Vermont, of Mr. Gidding's course, as "*a firebrand course.*" Hence the denunciation, by Mr. Cushing, of Massachusetts, of his resolutions, as "*a treasonable argument on the British side.*"

Mr. Gidding's resolutions touched Mr. Webster, through whom, as their great leader, the New England Federalists are committed to the extremest Southern ground in the Creole case. Hence their wrath, which they smothered in the vote, but to which they gave vent in the debate.

As a further illustration of their feelings, we take the following from one of Mr. Webster's organs at home:—

From the Boston Advertiser, of March 28.

"The House of Representatives.—It will be perceived that the House of Representatives has been diverted from the performance of its legitimate duties by the attempt of one of its members, apparently to see how far he could outrage the feelings of a portion of his colleagues, and signalize his disregard of the relations which subsist between the States of the Union. Mr. Giddings must have known that the proposition offered by him could not be seriously sustained by the House, and that they would act as a firebrand thrown among the members, to interrupt the business of the House. If the propositions submitted by him were as manifestly true as they are in fact false and demoralizing, he must have known that they could not be adopted in the House, and carried into practical operation, consistently with the preservation of the union of the States. What purpose, then, but that of defeating the little hope which remained of some beneficial legislation by the present Congress, could have been meditated, in the offer of these resolutions?

"Can it be supposed, that Mr. Giddings is not aware of the distressed state of the country, and the absolute necessity of some legislation to prevent its utter ruin? Can he suppose that members are performing their duty to their constituents, in thus making sport for themselves, by arraying one section of the country against another, by the agitation of such questions as those, while the public Treasury is suffered to become bankrupt, and the industry of the nation is paralized, through their neglect of their proper duties? If the House cannot pass a vote of censure upon such conduct, we trust the public will raise their voices against it. We hold it to be a duty to protest against conduct which places so much at hazard the highest interests of the country."

'Receiving the Money.'—Mr. Senator Otis moved this winter, that the Legislature *appoint an agent to receive Maine's share of the proceeds of the public lands.* Mr. Otis fell into the manifest mistake of counting his chickens before they were hatched, and if his motion had prevailed, the State would have clearly "*rolled over in the dirt for nothing.*"—*Augusta Age.*

Off with his head!—*Sheldon Hobbs, Esq.*, has been *removed* from the office of Post Master at North Berwick, Maine, and Mr. Benajah Buffum, a Federalists, appointed. Mr. Hobbs' offence, we presume, is *Democracy*—which, with this administration, is quite enough to cause a man to be displaced to make way for another of opposite sentiments. The revenue of the Post Office, at N. Berwick, amounts to the enormous sum of about *twelve dollars a quarter!* So much for Whig disenterestedness.—*Eastern Argus.*

The Texan Commissioners at New Orleans have issued an Address calling upon the citizens of the United States for aid, in men, money and arms.

Protection.—An able writer in the Savannah Georgian says:—

"We are told of *changes* of views at the South, and the production and import of cotton from the East Indies, are held up to us *interrorem*, to deceive us in the protective policy.

"Now, the *change* alluded to does not exist at the South; the tariff policy is as universally abhorred as ever, and will be more so since the low price of cotton leaves no margin for *tribute* to any interest."

A ball is to given at Washington to Mr. Clay, on the 12th of April, (his birth day.) Fifty six Managers have been chosen. The ball is got up by a number of the citizens of Washington and a large numbers of Members of Congress. The Congressmen would be much better employed in devising means to relieve the distresses of the country, than in aiding in the bestowment of the factitious honors of a Ball-room upon a practical duellist.—*Eastern Argus.*

The Salisbury Robbery.—Young Coffin was sentenced at Salem on Tuesday to five years imprisonment in the State Prison, for stealing the money of the Salisbury Manufacturing Company. His father and mother were sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the county jail and his brother to two months imprisonment in the same. Mrs. Coffin was much affected, and wept during the whole of the proceedings.

Encke's Comet.—Encke's Comet has been observed by Prof. E. O. Kendall, at the High School Observatory, Penn., with the eight feet Fraunhofer. It is about two minutes and three quarters south of the place assigned to it in Encke's Ephemeris.

Millerism.—One of the subscribers to the Concord Freeman, who is a believer of the Miller theory, ordered his paper to be discontinued a few days ago, on the ground that the world would come to an end next year and of course newspapers with it.—*Argus.*

MARRIED.

In this town, by Wm. Russ, Esq., Mr. Hiram Heath of Sumner, to Miss Mary Berry of this town.

DIED.

In this town, Mary A, daughter of Jairus Jackson, aged about six months.

List of Letters

REMAINING in the Post Office at Paris, Me. April 1st, 1842.

Andrews Oliva L	Hubbard & Clark 3
Andrews Ruth	Haughton & Bisbee
Buck Melissa	Howe Eli
Bolster Isaac	Hartford Hosea
Besse Elisha	Hutchinson Timothy
Brackett Thomas	Hutchins Cyrus
Bowker James	Kilmoria Andrieux & Co
Briggs Andrew	King Miranda
Besse Alden	Langley James O
Bent William	Marshal John
Besse John	Morgan Kesiah W
Crooker Calvin	Merrill John R
Chandler Sanford	Pearsons William
Cook Hiram	Pond John
Cummings Benjamin C	Prince Edward
Cummings Jonathan	Parlin Robinson 2
Cleaveland Prof	Peterson Cornelius
Cushman Elias	Ryerson Cushman
Chesley Marietta	Ripley Lucinda
Chase Edward P	Ryerson Samuel
Cummings Daniel	Shaw Solomon Jr
Dyer Oliver	Shaw & Howe 4
Dwinal Oren	Stowell William
Doe Amos	Swan William
Follet Lewis	Severance Caroline A
Frost Isaac	Tribou Harriet N
Ford Richard H 2	Thayer Alexander S
Gray Oren	Weaver George
48	SIMEON NORRIS, P. M.

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss:—

TAKEN on two executions, the same having been attached on the original writs, on the 15th day of March last, and will be sold at public Vendue at the store of Thomas Crocker in Paris, in said County, on Saturday, the 14th day of May next, at 1 o'clock, P. M. all the right which Loranson Cole, of Greenwood, has in equity to redeem the northerly half of a Lot of land numbered 13 in the 6th Range in the northerly part of said Greenwood, together with the gore annexed to said Lot, containing 65 acres—it being the homestead on which the said Cole now lives. Also one other tract of land in said Greenwood, it being the South half of Lot numbered 12 in the 6th Range in the north part of said Greenwood.

Said premises were mortgaged on the 29th of September 1839, to Thomas Crocker, to secure the payment of $106 in one year with interest—and on Dec. 1, 1841, mortgaged to the same to secure the payment of $40, in 1 year and interest; and on March 8th, 1841, mortgaged to Lorenzo Hathaway to secure the the payment of $71,11 in two years and interest.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON, Deputy Sheriff.
April 4, 1842 48

Miss O. Rawson,

TAILORESS,

WILL be pleased to attend to any business in her trade at the house of J. H. KING, or at the residence of those who may wish to employ her.

Paris Hill, April 4th, 1842. 3w48

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss:

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at public Vendue at the Inn of Anthony Bennett, in Norway, in said county, on Saturday, the seventh day of May next, at two of the clock P. M., all the right which William Beal, Jr. of said Norway, has in equity to redeem a certain parcel of land situated in Norway aforesaid, as particularly bounded and described in a Deed from Ebenezer Hubbs and Nathaniel Bennett to Richard Evans and said Beal, dated April 13th, 1841, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Vol. 62, page 310, to which reference is had.

Said premises were mortgaged by the said Evans and Beal to the said Bennett and Hobbs on the 13th day of April, aforesaid, to secure the payment of six hundred dollars, payable in equal annual instalments with interest annually, and mortgaged also by the said Beal to the said Evans on the 21st day of September, 1841, to secure the payment of two hundred dollars, payable in one year then next with interest.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON, Deputy Sheriff.
March 28, 1842. 3 48

BLACKSMITH STAND FOR SALE.

THE Blacksmith Stand lately occupied by Loammi B. Peabody at RUMFORD CORNER, will be sold on reasonable terms to any person procuring good security. There is on the premises a good one Story House, Blacksmith Shop, Stable and out Buildings. It contains one acre of land under high cultivation;—and presents a rare opportunity for a Blacksmith to obtain a good stand at a great bargain.

For further particulars, enquire of Hon. Lemar Rawson, at Rumford Point, or of

VIRGIL D. PARRIS.
Buckfield, March 28th, 1842. tf 47

Notice of Freedom.

THIS may certify that I have given my son James L. Black, his time to act and trade for himself; and shall not claim any of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

JOSIAH BLACK.

Witness, } Isaac T. Gordon.
} W. B. Cushing.
Rumford Point, 1842. 3w47

POETRY.

THE MECHANIC,

Mechanics! whose toil is the wealth of a nation,
Whose breasts are its bulwarks when danger is nigh—
Though humble your lot and despised your vocation,
You have honor and worth that the world cannot buy.
The minions of wealth may affect to despise you,
Pronouncing you ignorant, sordid, and base,
But the moment will come, that shall teach them to prize you,
The scorn they have written, themselves shall erase.

Not theirs is the hand that can turn back the billow
That threatens to sweep o'er our altars and homes;
They may live in the breeze that but plays with the willow,
But woe unto them when the hurricane comes.
They must call upon YOU in the moment of danger,
When the war-banner spreads its red folds to the air,
When our homes are assailed by the hand of a stranger,
And valley's re-echo with the cries of despair.

Where of Rome's faded grandeur her ruins are telling,
Where Athens' proud temples reflect back the sun,
In Palmyra's streets—now the jackal's lone dwelling—
Are recorded the triumphs by industry won.
There is not a nation where science has flourished,
There is not a land that the arts have adorned,
But your valor has guarded—your industry nourished—
Through glory and shame—though degraded and scorn'd.

Your labor in peace, like a bright living fountain,
Sends rivers of wealth to replenish the earth,
And in war, like the storm-beaten rock of the mountain,
You ward off the blast from the land of your birth.
But when peace, like the sun o'er your country is shining,
For the wealth you bestow, they repay you with sneers,
And the wounds you have borne in her cause unrepining,
Ingratitude bathes with adversities tears.

When the herald of fame, in the annals of story,
The deeds of a hero proclaims through the land,
The monuments raised to emblazon his glory,
And the deeds they record, are the works of your hand,
But what your reward when the conflict is ended?
Or where is your niche in the temple of fame?
The laurels you won with another are blended,
And darkness still rests on the artizan's name.

Yet how not your hearts to the proud man's reviling,
Mere noble in its sorrow, than he in his pride:
At each mark of disdain, with true dignity smiling,
Your acts will rebuke when your lot they deride.
Let hope cheer your path, the despised and neglected,
Be virtue your shield when temptation is nigh:
By honor's bright code be your actions directed,
Deserve and demand the respect they deny.

For ages you languished in darkness and sorrow,
Toiling on—for the wealth that another must reap;
Each day of regret but the type of to-morrow,
As wave reflects wave, in their race o'er the deep.
But one after one, your chains have been riven,
And the day-star of Hope from the horizon rose;
When the star-spangled flag to Columbia given,
Called the children of toil 'neath its shade to repose.

Then high be your aim, for the portals of glory,
By freedom unbarr'd, now disclose to the view
A tablet, whereon to emblazon your story,
An urn for the tears to your memory due.
When your country's proud star, thro' futurity shining,
Beams bright with the deeds that her children have done,
May the loveliest wreath 'round her diadem twining,
Be that which her toil-worn mechanics have won.

The Last Revolutionary.

BY J. F. DOW.

Oh! where are they—those iron men,
Who braved the battle's storm of fire,
When war's wild bride filled the glen,
And lit each humble Village-spire;
When hill seat back the sound to hill,
And might was right, and law was will?

Oh! where are they, whose manly breasts
Bent back the pride of England's might,
Whose stalwart arms laid low the crests
Of many an old and valient knight;
When evening came with murderous flame,
And liberty was but a name?

I see them in the distance, form
Like spectres on a misty shore;
Before them rolls the dreadful storm,
And hills send forth their rifts of gore;
Around them death with lightning breath,
Is twining an immortal wreath.

They conquer! God of glory, thanks!
They conquer! Freed on's banner waves
Above oppression's broken ranks,
And withers o'er her children's grave;
And loud and long the pealing song
Of jubilee is born along.

'Tis evening, and December's sun
Goes swiftly down behind the wave;
And there I see a grey-haired one,
A special courier to the grave;
He looks around on vale and mound,
Then falls upon his battle-ground.

Beneath him rests the hallowed earth,
Now changed like him, and still and cold—
The blood that gave young freedom birth,
No longer warms the warrior old;
He waves his hand with stern command,
Then dies the last of glory's band.

The Pearl of Great Price.

This world their fancied pearl may crave,
'Tis not the pearl for me;
'Twill dim its lustre in the grave,
'Twill moulder in the sea;
But there's a pearl of price untold,
Which never can be bought with gold,
The sinking soul 'twill save;
Oh, that's the pearl for me.

The miser knock's at Mammon's gate,
'Tis not the gate for me;
From morning dawn to evening late,
At his bolted door is he;
But there's a gate that leads to bliss,
And he that knocks by faith at this,
Shall ne'er be called to wait;
Oh, that's the gate for me.

Let pleasure chant her syren song,
'Tis not the song for me;
To weeping, it will turn, ere long,
For this is heaven's decree;
But there's a song the ransomed sing,
To Jesus their exalted King,
With joyful heart and tongue;
Oh, that's the song for me.

Miscellaneous.

THE GALLANT YANKEE.

"The better part of valor is discretion."—FALSTAFF.

At a time during the late war, when the British were expected to make an attack on New-London, several companies of militia were raised in that vicinity, and among the rest a company of exempts, or rather, (as my old friend Roger would say,) ANTIQUITIES *who volunteered to repel the attack.*

A revolutionary hero, who had born the blunt of many a hard contested fight, was selected as their leader; he had held a corporal's command in "the times that tried men's souls;"

"At the battle of Hunter, where Brittons, dismayed,
Found that Yankee-men fight, tho' not bred to the trade,"

he received a wound in the thigh, of which he had never fully recovered.

The "patriotic corps" assembled upon the very spot where it was supposed the enemy would attempt to land; the veteran corporal called his men to order; a hollow square was formed; he took his station in the centre, and thus addressed the "warlike band": "He wished," he said, "to inspire his companions in arms with a proper love of their country—he inveighed against the machinations of those designing men, who had sought to weaken the arm of government;" he spoke of the manner in which his neighbors had given "aid and comfort" to our enemies.

He then recounted his martial achievments, in the "days of other years,"—he told of "the dangers he had passed." With enthusiam he he seemed to "fight his battles o'er again."—"He was," he said, "one of the first to face the enemy in the fields of Lexington in '75; on Bunker's height, beside the gallant Warren, he taught the 'proud usurpers' that Yankees were born to be free; on the plains of Abraham he saw the brave Montgomery fall. Oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen; in my presence," said he, "nine hundred Hessians found that they had 'catch'd a Tartar.'" He then spoke of the blessings of our republican government; he would sacrifice his fortune and his life to support it; he exorted his followers to fight "for God and their country"—"if you fall," said he, "you fall gloriously;

'Sweet sleep the brave, who for thier country die,'

though slumbering in the silent dust, with Warren, Pike, and the other heroes who have gone before you, your will be ever remembered by your grateful countrymen; your names will be inscribed in letters lasting as time, in the highest annals of fame, and the historic page will transmit to the latest posterity the record of your gallant exploits."

He then adverted to the disasters of our armies on the western frontier; he spoke of the treachery of a Hull at Malden, and the cowardice of a Dearborn at York; "and now," he exclaimed, with all the ardor of youthful ambition, "and now is the time to retrieve the character of the American arm."

At this moment the invincibles of "old ocean's mistress," were seen riding majestic over the foaming billows of the Atlantic. "Behold," says the aged veteran, "the enemies of your country are before you; charge well your weapons of death; if they fall within your reach, 'cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war;' then my brave boys retreat," and hobbling off, he added, "AS I'M A LITTLE LAME I THINK I'LL START NOW!!"

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—The New York Herald of Thursday says: "We understand that Mr. Colt, the celebrated inventor of the revolving pistol, has been engaged for some time, under the authority of the Secretary of the Navy, in making experiments in guns, pistols, shells, bombs and other instruments of war. Mr. Colt has just made a discovery of a new projectile by which he can with a single steamer, defend the harbor of New York against a whole fleet of British ships and steamers. It is said he can ignite a destructive shell under water, at the distance of ten miles, in a few seconds. The principle is founded on the electric fluid.

We further learn that the Navy and War departments are beginning to bestir themselves to a great extent. At present the only drawback is the shocking inaction of Congress.

Freedom.

THIS may certify that I this day give to my son JOSEPH F. MERRILL, the remainder of his time, to act and trade for himself. I shall claim none of his earnings and pay no debts he may contract from this date.

JOSHUA MERRILL.

Witness:—JOHN LEE.
Oxford, March 18th, 1842. 3 46

Commissioners' Notice.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of Solomon H. Milliken, late of Denmark, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the first day of March, 1842, are allowed said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to the service assigned us, at the office of Levi P. Sawyer, in Denmark, on the last Saturdays of July and August next from one to five o'clock P. M. on each of said days

DOMINICUS G. TARBOX, } Com'rs.
SAM'L GIBSON, }
Dated at Denmark, March 18th, 1842. 3 46

WILLIAM B. BENNETT,

Attorney at Law,

BUCKFIELD, Me.

HAVING been supplied with all necessary papers is now ready to assist those who purpose to avail themselves of the provisions of the Bankrupt Law. Any business under said Act entrusted to him will be faithfully attended to.

March 3, 1842. 44

TIMOTHY LUDDEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

TURNER-VILLAGE, ME.

Notice.

To all whom it may concern:

KNOW ye That I THOMAS L. BROWN, of Livermore, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, do hereby give and grant to my son SILAS F. BROWN, his time and earnings from and after this date; allowing him to trade and manage for himself. I will claim none of his earnings nor be accountable for any debts of his contracting.

Witness my hand at Livermore, aforesaid, this twenty-fifth day of March, A. D eighteen hundred and forty-two THOMAS L. BROWN.

Witness:—SULLIVAN HAINES. 47

Emancipation.

THIS may certify that I have given to my son AUGUSTUS C. ALLEN, a minor, his time to trade and act for himself; and I shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date.

MICAH ALLEN.

Attest—ALVA SHURTLEFF, Jn.
Paris, March 24th, 1842. 3 47

Administratrix's Sale.

BY virtue of a License from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at public Auction, on Friday, the 20th day of May next, all the real Estate of the late John Warren, of Denmark, excepting my right of dower therein.

HANNAH WARREN, Adm'rx.
Denmark, March 14, 1842. * 3 46

Caution.

WHEREAS, my wife, PERMELIA, has left my bed and board without justifiable cause, this public notice is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date. EZEKIEL DAMMON.
Buckfield, Feb. 28th, 1842. * 3 46

THE MOST HIGHLY APPROVED MEDICINE NOW IN GENERAL USE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LUNGS.

THE Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is believed to be deservedly the most popular Medicine ever known in America, for Coughs, Cold, Asthma or Phthisic, Consumption, and Whooping Cough, and Pulmonary affections of every kind.

The Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam has been very extensively used for about fifteen years; and its reputation has been constantly increasing. So universally popular has this article become that it may now be considered as a standard article in a large part of the United States and British Provinces. Many families keep it constantly by them, considering it the most safe as well as certain remedy for the above complaints. The Proprietors have received, and are receiving numerous recommendations from many of our best Physicians, who make use of it in the practice. The names of a few individuals who have given their testimony in favor of this article are here subjoined, and for a more full account see the envelope to the bottle.

Doct. Amory Hunting,	Doct. Samuel Morrill,
" Truman Abel,	" Timothy Bayles,
" Jere. Ellsworth,	" Albert Guild.

CERTIFICATES.

From Dr. Thomas Brown.

Messrs. Lowe & Reed, Gent.,—The Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, has been extensively used, in the section of the country where I reside, for several years past, and has justly acquired a high reputation in consumptive complaints. So far as my knowledge extends, it has never dissappointed the reasonable expectation of those who have it.

THOMAS BROWN, M. D.

Concord, N. H., May 11, 1831.

Messrs. Reed, Wing & Cutler, Gentlemen,—I feel it a duty I owe the public, and especially to hundreds of my fellow beings who are now suffering under different diseases of the lungs, to give you a statement of the good effects I have experienced from the use of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Having from my youth up been troubled with different complaints of the lungs, such as spitting of blood, a dry troublesome cough, frequently hoarseness, with severe fits of coughing, and indeed all the symptoms of consumption, and from time to time I have consulted several eminent pysicians, and have taken much medicine, but I received little or no relief, and at last they told me there was no help for me; that my case was beyond their medicines. In the spring of 1827 I was advised by a friend to try the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. I obtained two bottles, and on trial I was surprised to find so sudden and effectual relief which it gave me, and after using it about five weeks all my complaints were entirely removed, and I was restored to good health. Since that time I have kept it constantly by me, in case of appearance of any of the above complaints.

I have known a large number of cases where all other medicines have failed of affording any relief, the Balsam was at length resorted to, and speedily effected a cure. I would therefore recommend to every person that has any of the above complaints, on their first appearance to take the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, which they will find a safe, convenient and positive cure. Respect'y yours, T. P. MERRIAM.

New Bedford, Mass., July 30, 1841.

☞ *Counterfeits.*—Beware of Imposition. Each genuine Bottle is enclosed in a *blue* wrapper, on which is a *yellow* label, signed by WM. JONES, CUTLER. None other can be genuine of a later date than *December* 1839. The signature of SAMPSON REED will be continued for a short time.

The great celebrity of the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam has been the cause of attempts to introduce spurious articles, which by partially assuming the name of the genuine, are calculated to mislead and deceive the public. Among these mixtures are "*Carter's Compound Pulmonary Balsam*," "*American Pulminary Balsom*," "*Vegetable Pulmonary Balsamic Syrup*," "*Pulmonary Balsam*," *and others.* Purchasers should enquire for the true article by its whole name—THE VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM, and see that it has the marks and signatures of the genuine. Each bottle and seal is stamped "Vegetable Pulminary Balsam."

For sale by REED, WING & CUTLER, (late Lowe & Reed) wholesale dealers in drugs, medicines, paints and dye stuffs, No. 54 Chatham Street, Boston, and by Druglsts and country merchants generally in New England, and in the principal places throughout the United States and British Provinces. Price 50 cents.

THOMAS CROCKER, Agent. eply19

Commissioners' Notice.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive, examine and allow the claims of the several creditors to the estate of ANDREW RICHARDSON, late of Greenwood, in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the first day of March, instant, have been allowed unto said creditors for bringing in proving their claims; and that they shall attend to the service assigned them at the office of Levi Whitman, in Norway, on the last Tuesdays of April, June and August next, from one to six o'clock in the afternoon on each of said days.

LEVI WHITMAN, } Com'rs.
JONATHAN B. SMITH, }
Norway, March 25th, 1842. 3 47

Commissioners' Notice.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors of

JOHN BISBEE,

late of Turner, in said County, deceased, whose estate is represented insolvent; give notice that six months from the first day of March, 1842, are allowed said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that they will attend to the service assigned them at the dwelling house of Cornelius Jones, Jr., in Turner, on the last Saturdays of May and August next, from nine o'clock A. M. until five o'clock P. M. on each of said days.

JOB PRINCE, } Com'rs.
CORNELIUS JONES, Jr. }
Turner, March 15th, 1842. 3 47

Commissioners' Notice.

THE subscribers appointed, by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of

JONATHAN H. WARD,

late of Fryeburg, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give notice, that six months from the first day of March, instant, are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to the above duties at the Office of J. Dana, in Fryeburg, on the last Saturdays in May, June and July, from one to five o'clock P. M on each of said days.

JUDAH DANA, } Com'rs.
JAMES O McMILLAN, }
Fryeburg, March 23d, 1842. 3 47

Mortgagee's Notice.

WHEREAS, SAMUEL H. HOUGHTON on the the 7th day of September A. D. 1836, by his deed of Mortgage of that date, conveyed to me one undivided half of a tract of land situated in Woodstock, in the county of Oxford, and known by the description of Gore A, containing two hundred and ten acres, being in the west part of said Woodstock, together with the Mills and privileges thereon which said Mortgage was given to me to secure the payment of a certain Note therein described, and for description of which, and the premises, reference to be had to the record thereof in the said Oxford Registry, Book 49, Page 515,—the condition of said mortgage having been broken I claim to foreclose the same. GILBERT TUELL.

Sumner, March 21, 1842. 3w47

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, ASA DANFORTH, of Norway, in the County of Oxford, Physician, on the fourteenth day of July, A. D. 1836, by his deed of that date, mortgaged to Nathaniel Bennett, of said Norway, Esq certain premises at "Steep Falls," so called, in said Norway, consisting of one half of the Gun Factory and the land on which it sets together with the Water Power thereon, reference being had to said Deed, which is recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds Vol. 49, Page 376, for a particular description of said premises. And whereas, the said Danforth has failed to perform the conditions of said mortgage, I do claim a foreclosure of the same, for condition broken, agreeably to the Statute in such case made and provided.

NATHANIEL BENNETT.

Norway, March 17, 1842. * 3 46

BLANKS

For sale at this Office.

THE LION OF THE DAY.

THE OLD DUTCH OR

GERMAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

TO the Citizens of the United States and the Canadas is respectfully submitted this Directory to the means for regaining that which has been partially, and in some instances, totally lost.

What blessing should be prized above that of health, and who knows better how to prize the blessing, than those who have been deprived of it? It is an old adage, (and one that contains a wise injunction,) "in time of peace, prepare for war." We should in time of Health prepare for the attacks of that stealthy lurking foe, Disease. It would be wisdom to observe his movements, to scan well the form in which he approaches, and then to meet him with those means which are calculated to effect his overthrow. Those means are now before this enlightened and intelligent community. They are accessible to the poor as well as the rich, and I trust that those who regard the Constitution of man as one of the finest specimens of Divine workmanship, and the Laws by which that System is governed and directed, as originating in no other than in the councils of Heaven, will so far obey the injunctions of the latter as to provide the best safeguard for the former.

It is with the most flattering recommendations, subscribed by most eminent Medical gentlemen, not only in this Country but also in Europe; that I offer this valuable Medicine to this American People.

Time and full opportunity for a fair and impartial trial have placed the Lion of the Day beyond the brand of Imposition, Humbug, Quackery, &c.

This Pill is composed of extracts from nine parts of the vegetable kingdom, (being entirely free from any drug of a deleterious nature,) and adapted *particularly* to the cleansing of the Stomach, Blood, and the various secretions of the Human System, Billious Fevers, and Cholic, Fever and Ague, Jaundice, Scarlet Rash, Dispepsia, Heartburn, Costiveness, Asthma and Liver Complaint have been cured, by using these Pills according to the directions accompanying each box.

It is not intended that this Medicine is a cure for all Diseases to which the human system is liable.

Many efforts have been made to compound a Medicine which would cure all Diseases, but have *failed*. Those Diseases enumerated above, are within the power of these Pills and a sure cure or relief is warranted.

Price 37 1-2 cents.

Paris Hill, H. HUBBARD; South Paris, Otis H. Paine; North Paris, Houghton & Bisbee; Norway, E. C. Shackley, Wm. E. Goodnow; Oxford, Joseph Chaffin, Seth C. Lane, Leonard Brown; Livermore, Job Haskell; East Livermore, Thomas Haskell, Jr.; Livermore Falls, Kimball & Walker; Canton, Joseph Hul'and, John Heartey; Dixfield, Charles L. Curtis; East Rumford, Alvin Bolster; Rumford Center, D. K. Knapp, Joshua Graham; Rumford Point, Otis C. Bolster; Bethel, Elias M. Carter, Washington Bray; Rumford Falls, Charles S. Winslow. eply16

DR. SEARS'

UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN,

Or: Blood-Root Pills.

THESE truly Vegetable Pills are eminently useful in all cases where Physic is required. They operate more effectually upon the LIVER and BILIARY DUCTS, than any ever before offered to the public. They consequently set the Bile, which is the natural Physic of the system at liberty, thus removing costiveness, curing Dyspepsia, liver complaint, indigestion, Dropsy, and all other diseases which depend on an impure state of the BLOOD. In point of economy as well as efficacy, these Pills are without a rival as the price for a box of thirty pills is only twenty-five cents. They are warranted to be composed of the very best materials. For certificates of cures and further particulars see bill of directions, which accompanies each Box.

☞ All persons who sell the genuine article will be furnished with a Certificate of Agency signed by the proprietor in his own hand writing.

All orders and communications may be directed to BLASDEL & THURSTON, East Thomaston, the present proprietors.

AGENTS *for the BLOOD-ROOT PILLS in Oxford County:*

HIRAM HUBBARD, and THOMAS CROCKER, Paris Hill; O. H. Paine, SouthParis; L. Washburn, North Paris; W. E. Goodnow, Norway; L. S. Bumpes, and S. Myrick, Hebron; O. Taylor, Oxford; J. H. Warriwell, Rumford Corner; O. C. Bolster Rumford Point; Graham, Rumford; J. C. Kimball, Bethel Hill; J. & W. Stephens, Greenwood; C. Howe, Sumner; Wm. Walker, Peru; A. Cole & Co., Buckfield; P. Clark, Mitchell & Bradford, Turner; J. M. Deshon, Canton; J. Coolidge, A. Hobbs, and L. Waterman, Livermore; C. H. Crafts, Minot. 1y10

Furniture Establishment.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Norway and the adjacent towns that he has located himself at NORWAY VILLAGE, where he is prepared to manufacture all kinds of furniture, such as

SOFAS, SECRETARIES, MAHOGANY CHAIRS, BUREAUS, TABLES OF ALL KINDS, BEDSTEADS, &c.

Having learned his trade in one of the best Shops in Portland he feels assured he shall be able to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

Norway-Village, Feb. 9, 1842. 3m41

Notice.

AT a legal meeting of the Proprietors of CANTON POINT BRIDGE, holden on the fifth day of February, A. D. 1842, the said proprietors voted their second assessment of Twenty-two Dollars on each share, and voted that the same be paid to the subscriber, Treasurer of said Corporation, or his successor in Office, on the tenth instant.

The said Proprietors are hereby notified and requested to pay the same accordingly.

CORNELIUS HOLLAND, Treasurer of said Corporation.

Canton, Feb. 5, 1842. 4w45

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, SS:—Taken on Execution and will be sold at public Vendue at the Store of Andrew J. Symonds, in Oxford, on Saturday, the thirtieth day of April next, at ten of the clock A. M. all the right, title and interest which JOSHUA TAYLOR and GEORGE W. TAYLOR have to redeem about forty-two acres of land and buildings thereon situated in Oxford, aforesaid, by reason of John Welch's Deed to him dated May 8th, 1837, and mortgaged back by them to said Welch. About one hundred and fifty dollars is still due on the notes secured by said Mortgage.

JOHN F. POTTER, Dept. Sh'ff.
March 17, 1842. * 3 46

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of March in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-two—

NATHANIEL O. RYERSON, Guardian of Moses Butterfield, Lunatic, having presented his first account of Guardianship of the estate of said Butterfield—

Ordered,

That the said Ryerson give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the 2nd Tuesday of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

A true Copy, * 44
Attest—GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-two.

AMERICA BISBEE, surviving partner of Simeon Ryerson, late of Paris, in said county, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

Ordered,

That the said America Bisbee give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the second Tuesday of April next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed. GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

A true copy, 44
Attest—GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

A NATURAL REMEDY,

Suited to our constitutions, and competent to the cure of every curable disease, will be found in

Wright's Indian Vegetable PILLS,

Of the North American College of Health.

These extraordinary Pills are composed of Plants which grow spontaneously on our own soil; and are therefore, better adapted to our constitutions than medicines concocted from foreign druge however well they may be compounded; and as the *INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS* are founded upon the principle that the human body is in truth

Subject to but one DISEASE,

viz: corrupt humors, and that said medicine cures this disease on

NATURAL PRINCIPLES,

by cleansing and purifying the body; it will be manifest that if the constitution be not entirely exhausted—a perseverance in their use, according to direction, is absolutely certain to drive disease of every name from the body.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

will be found one of the best, if not the very best medicine in the world for carrying out this

GRAND PURIFYING PRINCIPLE,

because they expel from the body all morbid and corrupt humors (the cause of disease) in an easy and *NATURAL MANNER;* and while they every day

GIVE EASE AND PLEASURE,

disease of every name is rapidly driven from the body.

The above named INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, have been three years before the American public; and we can now say without fear of contradiction, that of all the various medicines which have heretofore been popular, not one has given such universal satisfaction or obtained such a permanent hold upon the affections of the people. Not only do all who use it invariably experience relief, and recommend it in the strongest terms, but it has effected some of the most astonishing cures ever performed by medicine.

Hitherto, very few of the numerous testimonials which have been received in favor of this extraordinary medicine have been published, as the medicine obtained its present great celebrity more by its own intrinsic goodness, than from extensive advertising. It has been deemed proper, however, to offer the following opinions of the public press, merely to show that the fame of the Indian Vegetable Pills is not confined to any one section, but is rapidly extending itself to every part of the Union.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are attaining great celebrity in New England as well as other parts of the United States. The attempt of persons to defraud the public by the sale of spurious articles, meets with general reprobation. Mr. Wright is an indefatigable business man, and shows an array of cures by the medicine, which warrant confidence in the virtues of his Indian Vegetable Pills.

From the Boston Daily Times.

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

Of all the public advertised medicines of the day, we know of none that we can more safely recommend for the "ills that flesh is heir to," than the Pills that are sold at the depot of the North American College of Health, No. 198 Tremont Street, Boston. Several instances we know of, where they are used in families with the highest satisfaction; and no longer ago than yesterday, we heard an eminent physician of this city, recommend them in high terms. There used to be in the community a great repugnance to the use of QUACK Medicines, as they are indiscriminately termed, but it was mainly owing to the regular M. D's constantly denouncing them. They are, however, becoming more liberal in this respect, and the consequence is that good vegetable medicines are now more extensively used than formerly.

CAUTION.

This is to inform the public, that all genuine medicine has on the side of the boxes,

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

(INDIAN PURGATIVE,)

Of the North American College of Health.

And also round the border of the label, will be found in small type, "*Entered according to the act of Congress, in the year 1840, by* WM. WRIGHT, *in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of Pennsylvania.*"

The public will also remember that all who sell the genuine Indian Vegetable Pills, are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by

WILLIAM WRIGHT, VICE PRESIDENT

Of the North American College of Health

and that Pedlars are never in any case allowed to sell the genuine Medicine. All travelling agents will be provided with Certificates of Agency as above described; and those who cannot show one will be known as base impostors.

Beware of one A. L. NORCROSS, who is selling a Counterfeit Pill.

N. B. Buy of none except the following regularly appointed

AGENTS.

THOMAS CROCKER, Paris; O. H. Paine, South Paris; Ephraim Atwood, Buckfield; Winslow Hall, Hartford; John M. Deshon, Canton; Wm E Goodnow, Norway; Chas Burrell, Oxford; Wm P Welch, Welchville; Wm Cousins, Poland; Joseph Freeman, Minot Corner; James F Davis, Danville; John B Jones, Lewiston Falls; Mitchell & Bradford, Turner Village; John Blake & Son, Turner.

Sept. 1841. eSpioreply 18

THEODORA MERRILL

HAS just returned from Boston, and offers a beautiful assortment of

MOUSLIN DE LAINES, ALPINES, SARSNET GLOTHS, CALICOES,

From eleven to thirty cts. per yard.

Silk & Cotton Velvet.

SHAWLS, GLOVES, TRIMMINGS for Gentlemen's Clothes.

Dress & Bonnet Silk.

CLOAK CLOTHS.

A splendid assortment of RIBBONS, LACES, and a variety of smaller articles at low prices.

Miss M. will keep Bonnets on hand and make to order.

Oxford, Nov. 1841. tf 27

WILLIAM K. KIMBALL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CANTON VILLAGE, Me.

Dr. T. H. BROWN,

SURGEON DENTIST,

PARIS HILL.

SAMUEL F. RAWSON,

Deputy Sheriff,

PARIS HILL, OXFORD COUNTY.

☞ All business by Mail, or otherwise, promptly attended to.

Feb. 14, 1842. 41

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY

George W. Millett,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty cents in advance ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms; the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.—A reasonable deduction will be made for *cash in advance*, and no credit will be given for a longer period than *three months.*

COMMUNICATIONS and LETTERS on business must be *Post-Paid* to insure attention.

Book and Job Printing
Executed with neatness and despatch.